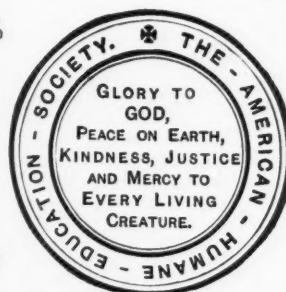


# Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 24.

Boston, May, 1892.

No. 12.



THREE PLAYMATES.

We are indebted for this beautiful picture to "The Gill Engraving Company," 39 and 41 Park Place, N. Y. City, and to "The American Art Printer," 22 College Place, N. Y. City.

## TO OUR OVER TWELVE THOUSAND BANDS OF MERCY.

On another page we give a beautiful prayer set to music, sent us by the president of an "English Band of Mercy," it being always sung by the children as the closing exercise at meetings of the Band.

But on this page we give a song, sung to the tune of "Vive L'Amour," written by one of our best American literary women, and intended to represent in proper light that class of Americans who, in violation of law, and despising their own country, seek to imitate the heartless practices of the most worthless class of a foreign aristocracy, by inflicting a life mutilation on the horses so unfortunate as to be owned by them.

We hope the universal singing of this song, and other similar ones to follow, by the children of our upwards of twelve thousand "Bands of Mercy" all over this country, will arouse public indignation at this merciless and inhuman practice, and drive it from American soil.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE DOCKTAILED CAVALCADE.

TUNE—"VIVE L'AMOUR."

The dullest of all the dudes,  
So superfinely "swell,"  
Who dons the nicest attitudes,  
The finest slang as well,  
He's found at last the very "hit"  
His little calibre to fit;  
Of course, of course, of course, of course,  
He rides a docktailed horse.  
Poor dude! Poor dude? [All recite.]

The haughty sham aristocrat,  
Who lives to make a show,  
And has no brains within his hat  
To spare, you know, you know,  
He, too, has found a fitting place,  
Which none so well as he could grace,  
He rides, of course, of course, of course,  
Behind a docktailed horse.  
Ar-is-to-crat. [All recite.]

The men who copy "Hinglish" ways,  
On democratic soil,  
And fancy they themselves can raise  
By scorn of honest toil:  
If you would know beyond a doubt,  
How this fine company turnout,  
Look sharp, look sharp, for every man  
Behind a docktail span.

Of all this heartless cavalcade  
That have no sense of shame,  
There is but one to whom is paid  
Our love and high acclaim;  
The rest, by nature have no heart;  
And he, alas, by cruel art  
Hath nevermore, hath nevermore,  
Hath nevermore a tail.

Poor horse! Poor horse! [All recite.]

## A LARGE DOCKING PLACARD.

The following appeared in "*Boston Globe*," and other Boston dailies, of April 21:—

At the April meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held yesterday, President Angell reported that in response to his offer of \$1000 for the best equestrian drama of "Black Beauty" quite a number of plays had been received, and in response to his offer of three prizes for the best comic songs intended to represent the cruelty of those who ride and drive horses mutilated for life by docking, many writers in different parts of the country were competing; that he proposes to have these songs sung by upwards of 12,000 branches of the Society's "Bands of Mercy," also in theatres, at concerts and elsewhere.

He had received many letters from editors and others expressing their sympathy with his attacks on docking.

On recommendation of the President, a vote was unanimously passed authorizing him to have a large placard painted, showing on each side a mutilated horse, with the words underneath in large letters, "Mutilated for Life," and then to have the placard carried in a wagon through the streets to be seen by all and arouse public sympathy for these mutilated horses.

(From "*Boston Herald*," April 22.)

## WITH A BIG PLACARD AND A WAGON.

## NOVEL SCHEME OF THE LONG-NAMED SOCIETY IN ITS HORSE-DOCKING CRUSADE.

War has long been waged by the Society with the long name against the English idea of docking horses.

The pages of "*Our Dumb Animals*" have been teeming with tales of equine suffering, rendered more graphic by cuts of the tails undergoing the process of cutting.

These drawings may have lacked something of finish and perspective, but the brutal details of this trans-Atlantic innovation are reproduced with the vividness and fidelity of a Byzantine painting.

And now the President of the Society announces his intention to try another way of arousing public interest and popular sympathy in his vigorous crusade against the custom, by carrying through the streets of Boston in a wagon a huge placard, showing on each side a docked horse, with the words "Mutilated for Life."

## THE "BOSTON PILOT" ON DOCKING.

We are getting lots of kind letters and newspaper articles congratulating us on the irrepressible conflict we have undertaken against those un-American Americans who seek to distinguish themselves from their fellow-citizens by riding and driving horses mutilated for life by docking.

Among these we are greatly pleased to find, in a paper having the large circulation of "*The Boston Pilot*," an editorial beginning as follows:—

"President Angell is waging sharp and righteous warfare on the heartless idiots who have imported into this country the fashion of docking horses' tails. Ridicule, argument, the opinions of veterinary surgeons, and the protests of humane men and women, are all marshalled by him against this cruel custom," etc., etc.

## PROMINENT LADIES.

## PROTEST OF EIGHTY-TWO BOSTON LADIES AGAINST THE CRUEL PRACTICE.

The undersigned ladies protest against the present practice of docking the tails of horses, as a painful and cruel operation, as a mutilation of the animal for life, and as a fashion devoid of grace and beauty:—

Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Martin Brimmer, Mrs. John Bigelow, Mrs. Amos A. Lawrence, Mrs. O. W. Peabody, Mrs. J. T. Cushing, Mrs. Charles W. Eliot, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, Miss Anna C. Lowell, Mrs. G. H. Shaw, Mrs. Algernon Coolidge, Mrs. P. H. Sears, Mrs. Chas. F. Putnam, Mrs. Wm. F. Cary, Miss M. M. Hunt, Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Walter C. Cabot, Mrs. Francis P. Sprague, Mrs. Edward Cunningham, Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. F. W. Sargent, Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Jr., Mrs. F. R. Sears, Jr., Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman, Mrs. A. S. Wheeler, Mrs. G. A. Hilton, Mrs. Dwight, Miss Lynn, Miss Wharton, Miss Annie P. Loring, Miss Dodge, Miss Alice Russell, Miss Goddard, Miss Elizabeth C. Putnam, Miss Edith Rotch, Miss Miriam P. Loring, Miss A. Morrill, Miss Sarah C. Paine, Mrs. Francis Brooks, Mrs. John Lowell, Mrs. Rotch, Mrs. Fields, Mrs. C. F. Paine, Mrs. J. Collins Warren, Mrs. Wharton, Miss Eliza C. Wintrop, Mrs. Geo. Baty Blake, Miss Lucy A. Folger, Mrs. George J. Fluke, Mrs. R. D. Smith, Mrs. Frederic Cunningham, Jr., Mrs. Wm. P. Lyman, Mrs. James Jackson, Mrs. Walter Dabney, Mrs. Mary B. Claflin, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Richard Codman, Mrs. Francis Allen, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Mrs. Parkinson, Mrs. Richard

Warren, Mrs. Dr. Brown, Mrs. David W. Cheever, Miss M. P. Sears, Miss S. D. Gore, Miss A. M. Storer, Miss Lily Bangs, Miss Marianne Paine, Miss Lily Ward, Miss A. L. Sears, Miss M. G. Storer, Miss Helen Paine, Miss A. F. Reynolds, Mrs. Chas. G. Loring, Miss Clara T. Endicott, Miss Sarah B. Fay, Mrs. Charles H. Dorr, Mrs. George W. Wales, Miss Helen Loring.

## ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

Our work has now become so large, both Sundays and week-days, that we do not undertake to read personally more than one letter in a dozen addressed to us, and anonymous letters warning us to cease our attacks on the life mutilation of horses by docking stand about as poor a chance of ever being seen by us as the writers do of getting into the Kingdom of Heaven.

## OUR WORK AT ROME.

Our readers found in April "*Our Dumb Animals*" a letter written by us under advice of the Most Reverend Archbishop John J. Williams, accompanied by a personal letter from the Archbishop himself to the Right Reverend Dr. O'Connell, rector of the American College, Rome, Italy, its object being to call the attention of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. to the publications and work of our "*American Humane Education Society*," its Humane Branches, and over twelve thousand "*Bands of Mercy*," for the purpose of securing from His Holiness such an expression of interest as will enable us to carry our work so far as possible into all Catholic countries.

We are glad to receive on this April 16th, from the Right Reverend Dr. O'Connell, the following acknowledgment of the reception of our letter and publications, which we are sure will be read with pleasure by all who are interested in the promotion of peace on earth and the protection of God's dumb creatures.

AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME, April 2, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I drop this line at present simply to acknowledge the receipt of your favors, and to inform you that the box arrived safely yesterday, and also to inform you that I am in entire sympathy with your benevolent, humanizing work.

Being a little run down with work I am ordered to Sicily, where I expect to spend a few days, and on my return I hope to place myself in the line of your work and under your influences.

With sentiments of profound respect, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

D. J. O'CONNELL.

## DO ROMAN CATHOLICS HELP YOU?

Answer: Immensely. One Roman Catholic lady gave our *Mass. S. P. C. A.*, long before the formation of our "*American Humane Education Society*," \$5,000; others have given liberally to our work at various times.

Archbishop Williams is not only a vice-president and generous contributor to both our Societies, but has many times most cheerfully aided us in our humane work.

Among the most constant at our Directors' meetings is Patrick Donahoe, founder and proprietor of the "*Boston Pilot*" and "*Donahoe's Magazine*," whose name and good deeds are as well known to Catholics in America as those of George Washington.

When, years ago, we wrote the "Boston School Board" that we would be glad to address every public school of the city one hour on kindness to the lower animals, a Roman Catholic lawyer was the first to rise and move that the rules requiring the matter to go over to another meeting be suspended, and that we should have the unanimous consent of the Board to address every public school in Boston, and the motion was passed by unanimous vote of the whole Board, without one word of objection. On this "Good Friday" on which we are writing comes the following kind letter from the Rev. William Orr, pastor of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, April 13, 1892.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—I have been receiving, through your kindness, "*Our Dumb Animals*," and lately I have received your "*Autobiographical Sketches*," for which continued favors I sincerely thank you. Enclosed please find a check of \$25, as a testimony of my gratitude for your kindness and appreciation of your work.

Yours very sincerely,

WM. ORR.

## ON GOOD FRIDAY.

On "Good Friday," while we were hard at work in our Boston offices, and the good Roman Catholic father of Cambridge who had just sent our "*American Humane Education Society*" twenty-five dollars to aid our work was engaged

in the solemn devotions of his church, in that same city of Cambridge, as we are informed, a party of "Harvard University students" were engaged not far from the University grounds in a most brutal dog fight, lasting nearly three hours, and resulting in the death of the defeated dog.

## THE REV. JOHN CUCKSON IS COMING TO BOSTON.

We are most glad to know that this gentleman is coming from Springfield to Boston as pastor of one of our largest, wealthiest, and most influential churches.

Two years ago a brutal horse-race took place on Nahant Beach, at which were present a considerable number of those un-American Americans who seek to imitate one class of the English aristocracy.

A poor, old, worn-out horse, to decide gambling bets, was spurred and whipped until he had in one place a raw sore as large as a man's hand. The Rev. Mr. Cuckson was stopping at the hotel, in the stable of which this poor creature was kept, and heard in the night the groans of the horse. He brought the case to our notice, and at the trial came all the way from Springfield to testify. Long live the Rev. John Cuckson.

## FRANCES E. WILLARD, LADY SOMERSET, AND ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

We were glad to receive on April 12th a call from our good friend Frances E. Willard and her and everybody's good friend Lady Somerset.

Perhaps no two women in the world are doing more to-day to promote peace and good will between our great English-speaking nations than the two above named.

There are two kinds of English aristocracy, as far apart in all that pertains to humanity as heaven is from the lower regions.

In the one class may be found such names as the late Cardinal Manning, the late Earl of Shaftesbury, the late Earl of Harrowby [who impressed us as one of the noblest men we ever met], the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Somerset, and, to a considerable extent, the Queen, and in the other, that worse than worthless class which some of our Americans seek to imitate, a class who find their amusement in shooting doves from traps, mutilating their horses for life by docking, and then compelling them to risk breaking their legs and necks by jumping ditches, walls, and fences, a class whose principal happiness seems to be found in smoking, drinking, horse-racing, gambling, and other things still more criminal.

Let us thank God that there are so many good and noble men and women in what we call the upper classes of England and America to save our two nations from the anarchy and bloodshed which would otherwise surely result from the heartless follies and crimes of this other class whose power for evil lies in the wealth they have inherited or dishonestly acquired.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## "SPORT."

Do you see that man? He has a gun. It is a double-barrelled gun. Is the man going to war? No. He is going to kill small birds. His motto is, *Let no little bird escape*. Do you see the dog? It is a pointer, and will find the bird for the man to kill. His gun is loaded with a hundred small shot which he will fire at one small bird. No; the birds have not hurt him nor threatened his life. He kills them because he is bigger than they, and to satisfy his desire to kill something. He works at it very hard, but he says it is great sport. He will hardly tackle anything of his size. Other savages prefer big game. — *Pittsburg Paper*.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.  
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.  
Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,  
Secretary.

Over twelve thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over seven hundred thousand members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers or Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

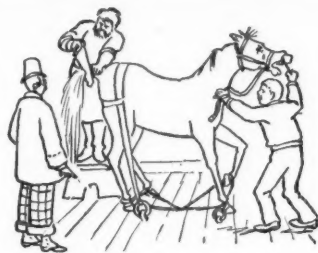
Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

## A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



PREPARING AN AMERICAN HORSE FOR AN IMITATOR OF ONE KIND OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.



DOCKTAIL ARTILLERY.

American Citizen trying to make people think he belongs to the English Aristocracy.

## THE LIFE MUTILATION OF HORSES.

In April "Our Dumb Animals" we devoted nearly three pages to showing the cruelty, heartlessness, and utter folly of those who seek to distinguish themselves from sixty millions of their fellow-citizens by riding and driving horses with their tails cut off; and we offered to writers three prizes as below set forth to obtain songs which we propose to have sung by our over twelve thousand "Bands of Mercy" all over this country, also in concerts, theatres, and elsewhere.

But as this paper goes to the other ten thousand editors who did not receive the April number, we repeat in smaller form four of the cuts, and republish our prize offer.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE "DOCKTAIL" CAVALRY, INFANTRY AND ART-ILLERY.

### THREE PRIZES FOR WRITERS.

In behalf of "The American Humane Education Society" I offer three prizes, of fifty dollars, thirty dollars, and twenty dollars, for the three best comic songs, adapted to the most popular music, on "The Man (or Dude) with the Docktailed Horse," "The Docktail Cavalry," "The Docktail Infantry," "The Docktail Artillery," or similar subject, the object being to have them sung in the equestrian drama of "Black Beauty," and on the stage and elsewhere, to awaken public sentiment in regard to the ridiculous folly as well as cruelty of the life mutilation of horses by docking.

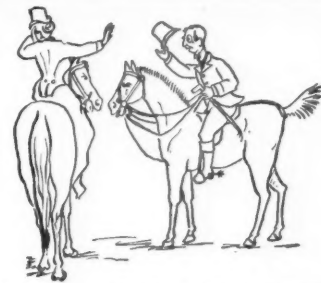
All wishing to compete for the prizes are kindly invited to write me for more full specification and suggestions.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

## OUR DOCKING PICTURES TO GERMANY.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.: APRIL 19, 1892.  
As I am now visiting relatives in America, I have had the pleasure of reading your paper, "Our Dumb Animals," and been much amused at seeing the cartoons of the "Docktail Cavalry, Infantry, Artillery," etc., in your April number; but, ludicrous as they are, they are about as near correct reproductions of their weak-headed originals as it would be possible to produce in illustrations of the kind. Maud Howe is right when she says, "There is not one cavalry regiment in Europe in which docking is permitted." I would be pleased if you could furnish me duplicates, as I wish to have them published in the German newspapers, together with an account of your noble work.  
CAPTAIN MAURICE VON MACE, German Army.



AMERICAN LADY'S RECEPTION OF IMITATOR OF ONE KIND OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.



DOCKTAIL CAVALRY.

Imitator of one kind of English Aristocracy.

## THE COMIC SONGS.

Already the comic songs and poetry of those who do not propose to compete for our prizes begin to pour in. The Richmond, Indiana, Register sends us nearly a column of severe satire on our American imitators of one kind of English Aristocracy, and a poem which we fear it would not give them pleasure to read, from which we give the following:—

Cholly is a dandy, and he's English, don't you know,  
Everything is English, else with Cholly it won't go.  
See him how he struggles with his heavy English cane,  
As he ambles idly with a gait that's quite inane,  
Looking at the ladies who from time to time pass by,  
Leering like a booby through the glass that's in his eye.

For it's Cholly, pretty Cholly, and he's English, don't you know;  
Yes, he's English, very English, for his antics make him so.  
Yes, he's very awful English, though he's never crossed the sea,  
And he surely must be English, for what else can he be?

Cholly is a beauty when he mounts his noble horse  
With tail cut off behind him, and the mane shaved off, of course.  
And his brains safe in the saddle and his eyeglass in his eye,  
Thinks the ladies must admire him as he slowly passes by,  
With a steed shorn of his glory, though he's not at all to blame,  
Which goes sadly docktailed onward and shies for very shame.

But it's Cholly, booby Cholly, who is English, don't you know,  
And he's joined the docktailed chappies, the swellest buds that blow.  
And he's cut his horse's tail off, to be English, don't you see,  
For if he can't be English, pray, what else can he be?



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, May, 1892.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month three hundred and two new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of twelve thousand seven hundred and forty-two.

## DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

## "BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautifully cloth bound Library Edition, twenty-five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail; Anna Sewall Edition, with her photograph and autograph, also our regular Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

## Cases reported at our Boston Offices in March.

Whole number dealt with, 299; animals taken from work, 45; horses and other animals killed, 42.

## By Country Agents, for First Quarter, 1892.

Whole number dealt with, 437; animals taken from work, 134; killed, 110.

## A BEAUTIFUL PLACARD.

We have had a beautiful placard printed, nine inches by five, containing our society seals and two cuts and the following in large print, which we will cheerfully send to those who will put them up where they will do good:—

If you have any pity for suffering horses — Don't ride in any vehicle drawn by a poor-looking horse.

Or employ an expressman or teamster who drives one.

Don't ride behind a docked horse or one tightly checked, if you can help it.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

## THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts, by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston, March, 1891.

2000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge.

## OUR AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY'S MISSIONARY IN KENTUCKY.

Of the various interesting letters received from Mr. Hubbard we have only room for an extract from his last:—

"My work in Kentucky has closed for the present. I have formed two large 'Humane Societies' and nearly 1200 'Bands of Mercy' in the schools, given many addresses, and distributed a large amount of humane literature."

Mr. Hubbard will next work awhile in Michigan.

## THIS SUMMER.

Friends going to the country or sea-shore for the coming summer can help us by refusing to ride in any vehicle drawn by a docked horse or a horse tightly checked or a poor looking-horse, and by refusing to employ any driver who is unkind to his horse.

## A STATUE OF PURE SILVER.

Mrs. Tudor Brooks, president of "The Children's Humane Society of St. Louis," writes us that she wants our statue in pure silver placed in our National Capitol at Washington, and wants us to publish her wish in "Our Dumb Animals."

We very much fear that anybody's statue in pure silver would not be quite safe in our National Capitol, and so we write our good friend that we would prefer to have the value of the statue given our "American Humane Education Society," to be used at once in helping to humanely educate the children in our public and private schools.

## ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

We are glad to learn from General Sarmiento, president of the Argentine Republic Society P. C. A. that they have secured very good laws in that country.

## HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON.

Many of our friends will be gratified to know that our friend, brother director, and treasurer of "Our American Humane Education Society," Hon. H. O. Houghton, has returned in safety from a visit to Europe.

In a letter sent us on the first morning of his arrival at his Boston office, we are glad to find this:—

"Since my travels in Egypt and the West Indies especially I have been more and more impressed with the importance of your work. The amount of cruelty to dumb animals I have witnessed is enough to make a man's heart ache. I trust the doctrines of humanity which you are preaching will ere long spread over the whole world."

## A BEAUTIFUL GROUP.

On April 18th, among our callers, came with their teacher a beautiful group of children, nephews and nieces of the late Wendell Phillips, to see the doves fed and assure us of their full sympathy in all our work, including the irrepressible conflict against the life mutilation of horses by docking.

One of the young ladies had committed a considerable portion of "Black Beauty" to memory.

Their visit brought several extra gleams of sunshine into our busy offices.

## AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY—THREE PRIZES OF \$200 EACH.

This offer appeared in Boston daily papers of February 13th and following days:—

While the circulation, through the influence of our "American Humane Education Society," of nearly or quite a million copies of "Black Beauty" in this country in the past two years, and the even greater circulation which seems probable not only in our own but in European and Asiatic languages, have opened a new field of literature hitherto almost untrodden, they have by no means filled it.

Other books can be written in the interest of the races we call dumb which will be read as widely and with profit almost or equally great.

For the purpose of stimulating such efforts I do, in behalf of the "American Humane Education Society," offer three prizes of two hundred dollars each for the most interesting and useful stories, of not less than a hundred "Black Beauty" pages, on the following subjects:—

1st. The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Southern States and Territories.

2d. The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Western States and Territories.

3d. The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Northern States.

The scenes of each story to be in the section of country written about.

In the Southern States the mule should be included, and in all the States horses, cattle, sheep, swine, dogs, cats, etc.

All manuscripts must be received at my offices, 19 Milk Street, Boston, on or before November 1, 1892, must be signed with fictitious names, and each be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until the decisions are made.

The committee will consist of three prominent Boston gentlemen, well known to the literary world.

It will be optional with the successful writers to decline the prizes and retain their manuscripts if they so prefer; and no prize will be awarded by the committee to any manuscript unless in their judgment it is deserving of publication.

In regard to the treatment of horses and mules, no better guide can be found than "Black Beauty."

In regard to the treatment of other domestic animals, including cattle, swine, and sheep, in dark and filthy stables, etc., and the multifarious cruelties to which they are subjected, the field is at present comparatively new.

For suggestions of some of the forms of cruelty proper to be introduced into these stories, see my address to the sixty-one large High, Normal, Latin, and Grammar schools of Boston, which will be sent without charge to all wishing it.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Boston, February 20, 1892.

## GIFTS TO OUR "AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY."

Those who wish to aid Rev. Dr. Jessup in distributing "Black Beauty" in the Arabic in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, or Rev. Dr. Clough in distributing it in the Telugu in India, or to aid its circulation on this continent or elsewhere, or to aid the general work of our Society where and in ways we may think it is most needed, will please kindly say in the letters accompanying their gifts how they prefer to have them used.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The Princess of Wales has given orders that nothing need be submitted for her inspection or that of her daughters, in which birds are used as trimming. — Boston Transcript, Jan. 24.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## THE GOOSE ORCHESTRA.

It was the middle of May when Jean and Paul Ripley left their city home for a month's visit with their Aunt Hattie, who lived in the country some fifty miles from the city of N—.

It was dark when the carriage halted at the steps for them to alight. Aunt Hattie and her daughter Marian stood waiting to greet them, and a right royal reception it was. It had the heart in it which makes one feel rested after a long, tiresome trip.

After the guests had washed, supper was announced and the supper table proved a capital place for the young folks to get acquainted, for this was the first time the cousins had met. Mr. and Mrs. Maynard and Marian felt especially called upon to make their guests contented upon this their first visit to the country.

Supper over, all repaired to the front room, where they talked and sang until Paul announced the fact of his fatigue in these unmistakable words: "Aunt Hattie, I'm sleepy."

As it was now nine o'clock all retired for the night. In the morning, as Mr. Maynard was returning to the house with a pail of milk in each hand, the froth standing above the rim of the pails, he said to Paul, who was returning from the poultry yard:—

"Well, young man, how did your first night's rest agree with you?"

"Oh, splendid! I listened for awhile to the frogs and crickets and birds, but when I did sleep it was at the rate of forty knots an hour, sir."

"Well, that will do for the first night," said Mr. Maynard.

Soon after, when all were seated at the table, Paul asked, "Jean, did you hear the orchestra?"

A puzzled look from all was the only answer, when he quickly added, "The goose orchestra, I mean."

This time a hearty laugh greeted him.

"One surely must be deaf who would not have heard it," replied Jean.

"But didn't it sound like an orchestra, though," insisted Paul. "Why, the first thing I heard was the leader—I guess it was the head gander—string up his lute; then another, and another, would tighten up the strings and thumb the screws until, at the word from the leader, they all struck the chord; I declare, if it didn't sound like Thompson's orchestra."

"What key were they tuning to?" asked Marian.

"B flat, I guess, for they were all sitting flat on the ground," replied Paul. "I couldn't stand it to have the concert all pass without some audience, so I went out there as soon as I could—and they looked so funny. At first they were all sitting down as still as could be; then the leader held up his head and struck the keynote; then he got up, flapped his wings twice and tuned up; then, one at a time, they would get up, flap their wings and tune up, until finally the whole flock was at it. I tell you, it's a good way to wake a fellow up."

The remainder of the meal was passed in planning how the day should be spent by the young people. It was finally decided that they should go a-Maying. The meal over, Marian and Jean "did the dishes" and set the house in order, while Aunt Hattie and Paul fed the chickens and prepared the vegetables for dinner.

At nine o'clock the three cousins set out for the adjoining woods, which were thick with flowers. After they had gone Uncle Maynard hitched up the team and went to several of the neighbors, gathering up the children for a surprise to the cousins when they should come back from the woods. Uncle Maynard returned about eleven o'clock with a wagon load of merriment. The Maying party of three returned about noon laden with flowers woven into garlands and wreaths.

As they entered the gate they saw Aunt Hattie standing by the snowy table which she had arranged beneath the spreading branches of a large tree that stood in the yard. As the sight of the table greeted their eyes and the fragrant aroma from the coffee their noses, the word "oh" was uttered by all three, for within a few feet of the table they saw a line of merry-faced girls, all dressed in white, flanked by a few small boys who had just emerged from behind the tree, marching forth in single file to meet them.

After a brief greeting Marian and Jean went into the house, soon coming back, and all were seated at the table, at the head of which stood Uncle Maynard carving a goose. When the conversation lagged he looked at Paul with a merry twinkle in his eyes and said: "We thought we would have goose to-day," and related Paul's experience with the orchestra. All joined in a round of laughter.

As the girls were shaking out the table cloths after dinner a saucy little wren flew by Paul's head with a whizz and perched upon a limb just over his head, and chattered its song of "chip, chip, chip." Paul and the wren had attracted the attention of all, and as they stood looking up at the wren a red bird with his gay plumage, top-knot and black crest for decorations, flew over their heads, alighted within full view of all, and whistled his merry song for a crumb.

All were quietly feasting their eyes on his brilliant plumage when Jean exclaimed, "Oh, I wish I had him to put on my hat!"

As there was no response, Jean thought that very likely Marian did not have hats with birds. With this thought in mind she said, "Have you bird hats, cousin?"

"No, mamma says it is wrong to kill the birds for our adornment," answered Marian.

Jean stood thinking a moment—probably of a troop of gay city girls strolling into Sunday school with birds on their hats.

However this may be, it was evident that the right or wrong of the question had never before presented itself to Jean's mind, for it was a thoughtful face that turned toward Mrs. Maynard as she said, "Aunt

## BLACK BEAUTY

### FOR THE BLIND.

We are glad to know that "Black Beauty" is now being printed in raised letters for the blind.

The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one,  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one,  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.

DR. W. BOURDILLON.



FEEDING THE SWANS.

Hattie, what makes you think it is wrong? Every one wears them."

"Not every one, dear," replied her aunt.

By this time the tree had a number of songsters doing their best, wrens, a red bird, and two yellow birds, while from a distance came the song of Robert of Lincoln, and some grey-coated, brown thrushes were hopping from bough to bough on another tree chattering together.

But the music of the birds ceased as suddenly as does a real orchestra, when some "Band of Mercy" children seated at the table struck up the song beginning:—

"Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds  
That play among the trees;  
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,  
To see no more of these."

Jean's was the only sober face in the merry group. She was giving up the idea of having a dead bird on her new summer hat. CARRIE KENDALL EASTERLY.  
Marysville, Marshall Co., Kansas.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## THE BIRD'S NEST.

I have found a nest full of pretty eggs,  
Right here in the meadow lying;  
And I may look at them all I wish,  
Till the mother bird home comes flying.

Five pretty eggs, that by-and-by  
Five dear little birds will be;  
With beaks, and feathers, and wings to fly,  
And little brown eyes to see.

And by-and-by I will come some day,  
When the summer has older grown,  
And will find them here, all hidden away,  
Where I left the eggs alone.

I have heard it said that once on a time  
(It must have been long ago),  
A little boy found a nest of eggs,  
Just as I found these, you know.

And that poor little boy, so little he knew,  
And so naughty he was, they say,  
That the pretty eggs never to birdies grew,  
For he carried them all away.

I am sure if he only had known, like me,  
(For mamma has told me so,  
That if he only would let them be,  
They would all into birdies grow,

He would never have taken the pretty nest,  
And carried the eggs away,  
And perhaps that five little birdies more  
Would have sung in the fields to-day.

But away off there in the blue, I see,  
Where a fair white cloud is lying,  
A little brown speck, that looks to me  
Like a birdie homeward flying.

And lest she should think I mean to keep  
The treasure I took unbidden,  
I will lay it back in the grasses deep,  
Where I found it safely hidden.

So, little brown birdie, do not fear;  
Your nest is in tender keeping;  
And safe in their speckled houses here,  
Your five little birds are sleeping.

H. J. WESCOTT.

## THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer?—  
With the first beams that light the morning sky,  
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,  
Lift up thy thoughts on high:  
Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care:—  
Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,  
If worn by toil or by sad care oppress,  
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrows pour,  
And He will give thee rest;  
Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air:—  
Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,  
Whilst yet eve's glowing colors deck the skies;  
When with the loved, at home, again thou'st met,  
Then let thy prayer arise  
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share:—  
Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth,—  
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,  
And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth  
To pure bright dreams of heaven,—  
Kneel to thy God—ask strength life's ills to bear:—  
Night is the time for prayer.

When is the time for prayer?  
In every hour, while life is spared to thee—  
In crowds or solitude—in joy or care—  
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.  
At home—at morn and eve—with loved ones there,  
Bend thou the knee in prayer!



## NEUTRAL FLAG.

As in wars between nations, ships sailing under a *neutral flag* enter all ports; so in wars between religious sects and political parties; this little vessel of ours—"Our Dumb Animals"—sails monthly not only into the home of every clergyman, lawyer, doctor, school superintendent, postmaster, and thousands of teachers and others in Massachusetts, but also every month into the editorial rooms of nearly ten thousand American newspapers and magazines, and every second month into every editorial office in America north of Mexico, and into many in other lands, distributing its cargoes of mercy through thousands of channels into millions of homes which, under a different flag, it could never reach.

## AM I RIGHT?

DEAR SIR:

It seems to me that your two Societies are doing more to promote kindness to dumb animals than all other societies of your kind in the world. Am I right?

ANSWER.

While we know what our own Societies are doing, we cannot precisely estimate what is being done by others.

In the matter of prosecutions the New York Society and some others prosecute more people than we do, and a single Society in Calcutta prosecutes over seven thousand cases annually, probably more than all the other societies of the world combined, leaving out the "Royal," of England.

In the matter of humane education, since the "Royal" adopted our plans by forming its "Ladies' Humane Educational Committee" and "Bands of Mercy," establishing a paper similar to our own, giving prizes for compositions in the schools, etc., etc., it has been doing important work.

So have some of our American societies. But, without attempting any comparisons, I am glad to say that the work of our "American Humane Education Society" and "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is extending not only over this entire country, but, to some extent, around the world.

For instance:—

(1) Within the past ten years we have formed and caused to be formed, through our missionaries and otherwise, over twelve thousand "Bands of Mercy" in schools, Sunday schools, and elsewhere in every State and Territory but Alaska, and to some extent in British America and other countries.

(2) We have printed and caused to be printed in various languages more than one million copies of "Black Beauty," the best book ever written to promote kindness to dumb animals.

(3) We have distributed in the past few years, in this country and around the world, many millions of pages of our other humane publications.

(4) We have, much of the time, sent our monthly paper gratuitously to the editors of some twenty thousand American newspapers and magazines, including all in America north of Mexico.

(5) We have offered a prize to all the university and college students of America for the best essay on "The Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime," written all their presidents, sent about seventy thousand copies of condensed humane information to the students and bound volumes of our publications to all their university and college libraries.

(6) We offered a prize of three hundred dollars to all American editors for best essay on the same subject, and sent to all of them copies of condensed humane information. [These prize essays have been widely circulated and read.]

(7) We have offered prizes for the two best essays on vivisection. [These prizes have been sent already to thousands of American physicians and to many others.]

(8) We have offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best equestrian drama of "Black Beauty," to be presented to the public in the theatres of this and other countries.

(9) We have offered three prizes of two hundred dollars each for the three best stories on the kind and cruel treatment of animals in our Northern, Southern and Western States and Territories. We hope to give these prize stories as wide a circulation as we have already given "Black Beauty."

These are only a few samples of the recent work of our Societies, to specify all of which in detail would require many pages.

In the winter of 1884-5 I distributed some 40,000 copies of humane publications at New Orleans, addressed their white and colored schools, and aided in forming in them our "Bands of Mercy" and "The Louisiana Society P. C. A.," also in the spring did a similar work at Jacksonville and St. Augustine, Florida.

In the winter of 1885-6, during sixty-one days I addressed all the large public schools of Boston one hour each and distributed our publications.

At another time I caused about sixty thousand copies of our humane publications to be distributed in Boston schools. At another time about forty thousand copies of "Our Dumb Animals" to be distributed, and secured a unanimous vote of our school committee requiring all our Grammar school pupils to write on a given day compositions on kindness to animals.

The advance laws we have obtained, prohibiting the shooting of live pigeons from traps for sport, and the docking of horses, the assistance we have ob-

tained in making nearly all our Boston Police branch members of our Massachusetts Society, and in securing the good will of our coachmen and drivers, the vast amount of literature we have given away to teachers and others, and the from thirty to forty thousand complaints of cruelty that our prosecuting agents have dealt with during the past ten years, are all, of course, parts of our recent work, which can only be properly understood and appreciated by reading our annual reports and the numbers of our Society's monthly paper, "Our Dumb Animals," issued during the time mentioned.

The total number of cases dealt with by our Massachusetts Society from April, 1868, to March, 1892, was 74,797.

It will be seen by the above statement that the work of our "American Humane Education Society" has been one of constant and perhaps unparalleled activity.

The "American Humane Education Society" needs only increased funds to enable it to send its humane literature and establish its "Humane Societies" and "Bands of Mercy" not only over this country but the whole American continent.

If any or all the Humane Societies of the world have done a larger or more important work than we have, during the past ten years, I am glad of it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A PROBLEM.

We receive in this morning's mail alone a hundred and three exchange newspapers and monthlies, and tomorrow and the next morning, and the next, it may be about the same. A single day's mail often contains enough humane literature to fill our entire paper. Add to this all the manuscripts kindly sent us, and our readers will see how difficult it is to select. But if we double the size of our paper, then we must double the cost or decrease its circulation, a thought we cannot entertain for one moment.

We only wish we had the means to send it on its mission of mercy every month into five hundred thousand American schoolrooms.

## GOOD NEWS.

A few weeks since our "American Humane Education Society" sent out about \$25 worth of our autobiographical sketches, containing an appeal for assistance to increase the Society's work.

In a few days checks were sent in to about fourteen times that amount. In the week ending April 2d, our "American Humane Education Society" sent out about \$600 worth of the autobiographical sketches. In the following week we received from one friend, not hitherto a member of either of our Societies, \$10,000 for the permanent fund of our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" and \$5000 for the "American Humane Education Society."

On "Good Friday" came four checks to aid our "American Humane Education Society": one of \$300 from a Rhode Island lady, one of \$100 from an American lady now in Paris, France, one of \$25 from the Rev. Wm. Orr, Roman Catholic pastor of St. Paul's church, Cambridge, and one of \$5 from our long-time opponent at State House dog hearings, but nevertheless good friend, Mr. Julius A. Palmer.

On April 18th came another check of \$500 from X. Y. Z.; on April 22 check of \$100 to be divided between the two Societies.

We have faith to believe the time is coming when our "American Humane Education Society," the first of its kind in the world, will attract the attention and sympathy of thousands of humane people in our country, and will receive, as some of our great denominational missionary societies do, an annual income of from half a million to a million dollars. It will then be able to send missionaries and humane literature and form "Humane Societies" and "Bands of Mercy," not only over our North and South American continents and the West Indies, but also to heathen and other nations, and do a vast work in schools and elsewhere for the prevention of war, crimes of violence, and every form of cruelty both to human beings and dumb beasts.

"Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep,  
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!  
The wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,  
With 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

— Longfellow.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Just before going to press comes a kind letter from one of our best friends, who, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of our "Autobiographical Sketches," encloses a check of fifty dollars, and adds:

"If ever a carriage with a docked horse is sent me, it is sent back immediately. Very sincerely,

MRS. JOHN W. JAMES."

As the Gulf Stream rushes on, warming our shores, so does every true soul send forth into life a warming influence in many a far distant place.

## HOW COULD YOU USE IT?

If you had for your American Humane Education Society, like some of our denominational missionary societies, half a million of dollars a year, Mr. Angell, how could you use it?

Answer: If it is a good thing to employ one missionary, it is a better to employ twenty.

If it is a good thing to form ten thousand "Bands of Mercy," it is a better to form a hundred thousand.

If it is a good thing to send "Black Beauty" into ten thousand schools and a million homes, it is a better to send it into the schools and homes of all civilized nations.

If it is a good thing to print and distribute monthly forty thousand copies of "Our Dumb Animals," it is a better to print and distribute two hundred and forty thousand.

We should be glad to send it gratuitously every month to every clergyman, school superintendent, and teacher in America.

If it is a good thing, through our humane literature and the many plans we have adopted, to reach a portion of our colleges, schools, and homes, it is a better to reach all of them, and carry humane education for the prevention of every form of cruelty over our entire North and South American continents, and, so far as possible, around the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## OUR AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

The kind letters and newspaper notices we have recently received from readers of our autobiographical sketches are so numerous that instead of thanking each friend individually we must ask all to kindly accept in this form our grateful thanks and kindest wishes.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## BOUND VOLUME OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Our "American Humane Education Society" now issues a beautiful cloth-bound volume of our "Autobiographical Sketches," suitable for libraries, etc., which is sold at our offices for 20 cents, and sent by mail for 25 cents. The paper-bound edition is six cents at our offices, and ten cents when sent by mail.

## ONE OF THE GOOD LETTERS.

NEW YORK CITY, April 13, 1892.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—In a letter just received from Paris I find enclosed this check of one hundred dollars, payable to your order. The writer asks me to send it to you with most kind Easter feelings, and although she finds much to do for her "dumb friends" in the foreign city where she now resides [Paris], it is gratifying to see that she remembers the great and extended work being done by the Humane Education Society of America. She feels, as many of us do, that the world owes to you a debt of gratitude for the moral uplifting impulse which you are imparting to the educational thought of this generation.

Gratefully always.

## THE SEAL FISHERIES.

The resolutions offered by Hon. Daniel Needham, our director, also president of the New England Agricultural Society, at our March meeting, denouncing the cruelty inflicted in the seal fisheries, have been sent to the President of the United States, his Cabinet, all members of Congress, all Governors of States, and all members of the British and Canadian Parliaments, Her Majesty the Queen, etc., etc., bringing various responses of sympathy. They have also been widely published by the American press.

It is a joy to us to receive kind letters from various parts of the country expressing the gratification of the writers with the campaign we have opened in April "Our Dumb Animals" against the life mutilation of horses by docking. We assure our kind friends that we intend to fight it out on this line if it takes not only all summer but all the rest of our lifetime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the product of enthusiasm.

## FRENCH TRANSLATION OF BLACK BEAUTY.

We have been singularly unfortunate in obtaining a good French translation of "Black Beauty."

Will some kind reader familiar with the French language undertake (as our translators into other languages have) to give us, as a labor of love for our humane cause, a good French translation of "Black Beauty."

## HE'S A LITTLE FELLER.

Down in Frankfort Street the other cold day I found a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a ragged and dirty old handkerchief, and, as I sat down alongside, he cautioned:

"Look out, now, and don't hurt him!"

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, all huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was tucked."

"And what will you do with him?"

"Get him good and warm and let him go. He's a little feller and orter have a fair show."

I added my efforts to Jack's, and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction by a series of chirps. Jack lifted him up, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a high cornice.

"Boys kin git along 'most anyhow," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold wind sweeping up from the river, "but birds is such little fellers that we've got to sort o' boost 'em now and then. He's all right and we're all right, and good-bye to you."—*New York World*.

[Compare the humanity of this little fellow with that of the men who disgrace American citizenship by their heartless imitations of the worst class of English aristocracy.—EDITOR.]

## THE PRESIDENT'S LOVE FOR KILLING.

President Harrison recently spent three days amusing himself killing ducks. It is to be observed that many Christians like to kill things. Buddhists are different.—*Twentieth Century*.

When an unbeliever in Christianity places Buddhists in comparison with Christians in regard to the love of killing, it should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every professor of Christianity. And when the President of the U. S., a professor of Christianity, makes himself so conspicuous in killing for the sport which it affords, it brings shame on our whole country. How far President Harrison's love for killing innocent birds had to do in precipitating the war message in regard to Chili is a fair subject of philosophical inquiry. Mr. Blaine does not like killing, and he held back the war message as long as he could.—*Exchange*.

[This is not a political paper, but we are trying through our over 12,000 "Bands of Mercy" to educate American boys to a civilization which finds no fun in killing, wounding, or otherwise inflicting needless suffering on harmless creatures, and we do most terribly regret that the President of the United States should, through all the newspapers of the country, be setting a different example to our American youth. GEO. T. ANGELL.]

## LONDON.

We find in the "Animal World" a very strong statement of the abuse inflicted upon horses in London, and a most earnest appeal for the circulation of cheap editions of "Black Beauty" and other humane literature.

The Calcutta Society prosecutes over 7000 cases annually—probably more than all other societies of the world combined, leaving out the Royal Society of London—and we suppose it may go on for 7000 years more prosecuting in the same way without making men more merciful to dumb beasts.

It will make them more careful in public places, and in many cases more cruel in places where they are not seen.

In one of the first cases prosecuted by our Massachusetts Society, when a brutal teamster beating his overloaded horses with a stake taken from his brick wagon, saw an officer coming to arrest him, he said, "you, I'll stop now, but—*you, when I get you into the brickyard, I'll pay you off then.*"

We shall never protect dumb beasts from cruelty until we can protect them in the brickyards as well as in public places. And that is precisely what our "American Humane Education Society" is undertaking to do. GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A FOND HUSBAND.

Billy—"So you have returned from your bridal tour. What did you see on your trip that pleased you most?"

John—"My wife."—*Texas Siftings*.



THE SEMINARY LAUNDRY.

From "Wide Awake," published by D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

## LONDON HORSES.

(From "Blackwood's Magazine.")

It is a pity that horses suffer mutely. If they could express their torments by yells as piercing and loud in proportion to their size as, for example, a wounded hare utters, we should soon be enlightened as to the amount of suffering in our streets. Some of the handsome cabs are admirably turned out and driven, but there are many whose owners act on the principle of a minimum of corn and a maximum of whip. In one such I was travelling one day. The driver plied his whip vigorously about the tenderest parts of his horse's flanks, and awkwardly allowed the lash to strike me across the face.

The pain was acute, and I did not suffer in silence; yet for one indirect cut that I received in that journey the unfortunate quadruped received scores. He received punishment at the rate of fifty lashes a mile, which, if his average daily task is moderately computed at twelve miles, would give the hideous total of 600 lashes a day.

This incident took place in broad daylight, but cabmen's night horses are indeed a pitiful class. Nearly all of those that are assembled nightly in Palace Yard when the House of Commons is sitting are suffering from navicular disease, caused by fast work on hard pavements. You may see the unhappy animals standing with first one forefoot, then the other, pointed forward to relieve the pain, which must resemble toothache on a large scale, for it is caused by the decay of a bone nearly two inches long in the centre of the foot. Would society endure horses being worked in this condition if they could signify their pangs as plainly as a fine lady with neuralgia.

[The Royal Society P. C. A. should spend more money on humane education,—circulation of "Black Beauty,"—school addresses,—*"Bands of Mercy,"* and humane literature.—EDITOR.]

## CEYLON.

Our readers will remember seeing in our March number that a professor in the Agricultural College at Ceylon, having read in a Buddhist paper of our "American Humane Education Society," was anxious to receive our publications.

We have this morning another letter from him expressing a deep interest in our work and desiring us to send at once other publications.

We hope the way is opening for the circulation of our humane literature and the establishment of our Humane Societies and "Bands of Mercy" among the innumerable millions of Buddhists.

## THE ELECTRIC SPUR FOR HORSES.

The electric spur which is being introduced to the race tracks to urge on the running steeds seems to offer a bright and shining mark to the cruelty to animals society. It ought to be tried on the inventor.—*Boston Herald, March 28.*

[*"The Devil always mischief finds For idle hands to do."*—EDITOR.]

## SCHOOL BOYS GO ARMED.

LANSING, MICH.—At the Townsend Street school, Lansing, one of the teachers had occasion to punish a ten-year-old pupil named Guy Cottingham. She had struck him twice, when he pulled a revolver. Pointing the weapon at the teacher, he said if she struck him again he would shoot her. After a slight struggle the teacher succeeded in taking the revolver from the boy before it was discharged.

A canvass of the school was made and thirteen boys of tender age were found who owned revolvers and who were accustomed to carry them. Three of the boys continually go armed.

[Better form *Bands of Mercy* in Lansing schools as soon as possible.—EDITOR.]

## FROM APRIL "YOUNG CRUSADER."

Those of our readers who live in or near Boston may have a special pleasure by going to the office of Mr. Angell (19 Milk St.), at eleven o'clock in the morning. Most of you know that Mr. Angell is the President of the Bands of Mercy; he has a warm place in his heart for boys and girls, and will give you a cordial welcome.

What will you see there? You will hear a whirr of wings, and catch the gleam of soft rainbow tints flashing through the air; and then sound and color will come fluttering down to the window-ledge in the shape of pigeons from their homes in the steeple of the "Old South Church," all eager for their dinner.

## "I DON'T LIKE THIM MITHODISTS."

That is what one Irishman is represented as saying to another; *"They're so throublesome."* "Well," said the other, "that was just what was the matter with our Lord and Saviour; *He'd never been crucified if He hadn't been so throublesome.*"

The above is called to mind by reading a little article on Reformers, and how some people dislike them while they live and praise them after they die. It closes thus:—

*Why cannot he let things alone? What becomes of things that are let alone—your garden—your roof—your drain-pipes? The reformer, without whom we should all be heathen savages to-day, is well scolded while doing his work and well praised when his work is done. As Jesus said, one generation stones the prophets and another decorates their tombs. Fifty years ago, William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through Boston streets with a rope around his neck, but now he forms an imposing statue in Boston's noblest avenue, while those who persecuted him have been long since forgotten.*

Irate father—Get out of my sight, you idiot.

Son—Aw—yes—it's well for you to talk that way to me—me whom you have disgraced in fashionable society.

Father (indignantly)—Disgraced you, you fool, how?

Son—By e-on-pe-l-ing me to be supported by—aw—man—who has to—aw—work for his money.—*Life*.



## THE HORRORS OF SPORT.

## WHAT F. D. SAYS ABOUT FOX HUNTING.

What sadder sight is there to be found in the records of the hunted than the one of a dead-beat fox, worn out, with lolling tongue, heaving side, bedraggled brush, with the bay of the nearing pack growing every moment more distinct, struggling on in search of safety for his doomed life, lodging now here, now there, surrounded by a hostile field, the fiendish tally-ho sounding in his ears, the cracking of whips which warn him against any further attempt at escape? Then the hounds rush in. For one brief moment he turns at bay. *Cui bono?* The next all is worry, worry, worry, as the poor, weary, but gallant Tod is torn limb from limb, disembowelled, and reduced to a shapeless mass of bloody, dragged fur.

A fitting death it is, indeed, following as a sequel on the hunted torture which the poor brute has suffered from find to finish. I have ridden to hounds over many a hard-fought field, yet even in the days when I did not scruple to join in this animal torture, the death of a gallant fox always affected me unpleasantly, and reproach knocked at my heart louder and louder each time and I have asked myself, "Cannot we have sport without cruelty?" Assuredly we can.

Much of this barbarous taste and callous indifference to the sufferings of animals is bred with our childhood and upbringing. None but those who have indulged largely in sport in its many and varied branches can realize the holocaust of animal suffering that is day by day offered upon the altar of sport. I have seen and gauged it to its fullest, and I can safely say that, save in self-defence, I will never in life again raise gun or rifle to destroy the glorious animal life of creation, which, alas! I have so often and so wantonly taken part in bringing to destruction. Savagery still dominates us in a great degree. A higher education and civilization will teach us to despise amusements which are purchased at the expense of suffering to animals.

Let those in high places consider well how meet a good example in this respect would be, and lead youth forward to find relaxation and pleasure in feats of skill, endurance, and physical adroitness without the aid of the blood and torture to make of us skilled sons and daughters of the chase and the field. In our national schools, both high and low, kindness and our duty to animals should form part of the curriculum, while every effort that science and investigation can command should be put forth to attain for such animals as are needed for food a speedy, painless, and merciful end. As we have framed laws for the protection of domesticated and tame animals, so we should teach mercy and—where destruction is necessary—a painless mode of death.—F. Dixie, in the "Westminster Review" for January.

## A MOTHER AND HER BOY.

The mother and boy were waiting for the train in the Albany station, when the dulness was broken by a funny figure of an old woman, in rusty gown, a cat-skin muff and tippet, and a black bonnet made of as many odds and ends as a magpie's nest, and her false front askew. She kept chewing on nothing, working her umbrella, and opening and shutting the other hand in its black glove in the aimless way of old people.

The high-school girls began to titter and make jokes to each other, watching the old lady far too openly for good manners, or any manners at all.

The young lady in the smart tailor suit who gives readings at Sunday-school concerts smiled back at them and studied the old creature with a satiric eye. The boy began to laugh quietly with the rest. "Do look, mother. Isn't she funny? Did you ever see such a sight?"

The mother glanced delicately and turned her eyes. "Poor lady," she said.

He was silent, considering. "If I hadn't you," she went on, "and had lost all my money, and grieved over all I had lost, in money and friends, till my mind was touched, and I lived alone among queer people, I might look just like that woman. She must have been very good-looking when she was young."

The boy's mouth twitched, as he turned his gaze from the poverty piece, as some of the girls called her, to his pleasant mother, and, as the old lady went prowling about, looking for something, a light step was at her side, a cap raised, and a kindly, boyish voice asked: "Can I do anything for you, madam?"

"I was looking for some place to buy some checkermints," said the old soul, nodding carelessly and blinking with weak eyes. "I like checkermints if they're Boston bought, but I don't seem to see any, and there used to be a boy with a basket come round in the Fitchburg depot, and I thought maybe I could find him here."

"Shall I get you some at the fruit stall?" said the boy politely to her, but with flashing glance at the giggling girls, which somehow did not make them feel proud of themselves.

Then the mother watched her boy lead the old woman to the candy stall and stand by her courteously, pointing out this and suggesting the other, till she made her fumbling purchases, and escort her across the hurrying passage to her seat in the train, out of his own compassionate young heart.

"My dear boy!" was all she said as he came back to her, but it was breathed in a voice of music, and she looked most happy.

The boy stood close to his mother, thoughtfully, one hand still striving to caress her. Their train called, he picked up her parcels and marched protectingly by her.

"You have a boy, mother, who will take care of you," he said, lifting his eyes to hers at the gate.—St. Louis Republic.

## THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Three little kittens, so downy and soft,

Were cuddled up by the fire,  
And two little kittens were sleeping aloft,  
As cozy as hearts could desire.

Dreaming of something ever so nice,  
Dolls and sugar-plums, rats and mice.

The night wore on, and the mistress said,

"I'm sleepy, I must confess,  
And as kitties and babies are safe in bed,  
I'll go to bed, too, I guess."

She went upstairs, just a story higher,  
While the kittens slept by the kitchen fire.

"What noise can that be?" the mistress said.

"Meow! meow!" "I'm afraid

A poor little kitty-cat's fallen out of bed!

The nice little nest I made!"

"Meow! meow!" "Dear me! dear me!

I wonder what can the matter be?"

The mistress paused on an upper stair.

For what did she see below?

But three little kittens, with frightened air,

Standing up in a row.

With six little paws on the step above,

And no mother cat to care or love!

Through the kitchen door came a cloud of smoke!

To a sense of danger straightway awoke;

Her babies might come to harm.

On the kitchen hearth, to her great amaze,

Was a basket of shavings beginning to blaze.

The three little kittens were hugged and kissed,

And promised many a mouse;

While their names were put upon honor's list,

For hadn't they saved a house?

And two little children were gathered tight

To a mother's heart ere she slept that night.

—Home and School Visitor.

## A BIG CAT DROVE THE BURGLARS.

[We have known a very small cat to drive a very large dog out of a store, and have heard of a burglar being driven away by dropping a cat on his head when he was trying to get in a window, but never read of a case before like this.—EDITOR.]

A Denver correspondent of the "St. Louis Globe-Democrat" writes as follows:—

An old lady living alone in a large and dreary house in the western suburbs of this city has just told the neighbors of an attempt to burglarize her house, and the marvellous manner in which the attempt was thwarted. She is well known to have considerable money, as the income from her property exceeds her expenses; and as she has a horror of banks, it is the general impression that she keeps the money about the house. She is quite alone, except for a servant woman who comes in the morning and does the work, returning to her home at night. She is always followed by an enormous cat, brindled and white, rejoicing in the name of Dot. He weighs at least sixteen pounds, and attracts a great deal of attention on account of his size, but allows no one to touch him but his mistress.

On several occasions when dogs have strayed into the premises Dot has attacked them and sent them howling and bleeding from the place. "Last Wednesday night," she says, "I wasn't feeling well and went to bed as soon as the servant left. I sleep upstairs in the south room. Before going to bed I went all around below stairs and fastened every door and window, just as I always do. Dot was sleeping on my bed, just as he always has done all his life. In the night I was awakened by a sudden motion he made, and found when I put my hand on him that he had raised his head and was listening, trembling all over, he was so nervous. I thought he heard a rat, and was about to go to sleep again when he sprang to his feet and stood beside me, growling very low. Then I listened, and distinctly heard footsteps creeping up the stairs. I was so frightened that a smothering sensation came over me. In all the years I had lived there alone such a thing had never happened. I could hear the footsteps come up to the top of the stairs, and then a hand went feeling along the wall for the door of my room. Directly he found the latch, and then the hand went feeling for the door opened. I knew well enough what was going on, but I could not move or even scream. I just lay there as though I were dead. I heard the feet begin to move slowly across the floor toward my bed, and soon he was touching the bed. Just at that moment Dot made an awful leap, and I am sure he must have landed square on that man's head, for of all the wild yells that ever came from a mortal throat that was the worst. 'Dick! Dick! come an' help! the devil's got me!' he screamed, and ran for the door. Dot jumped off, but the man must have been blinded with blood, for he missed his footing at the top and fell down the whole flight of stairs. At the bottom Dot pounced on him again, and when his comrade ran to his assistance Dot gave him a taste, and I heard him swear that the whole top of his head was torn off. They went out by the cellar window. I don't know how they found out how everything in the house was situated, and I don't believe they will try it again."

## A GERMAN TENOR.

We have just read of a newly imported German tenor, who on Easter morning electrified a "heavily mortgaged congregation" by singing over and over again, "He will raise ze debt; He will raise ze debt in ze twinkling of an eye."

## OUR HACK DRIVERS.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President:

As I was walking on Causeway Street I saw a horse whose uneasy movements suggested a tight check rein. I asked the driver if he would be so kind as to loosen the check rein, which he smilingly did, and said if he thought it hurt the horse he should not have made it so tight. The horse immediately turned to me and rubbed his nose against my breast, showing that he appreciated my act. It is a mistake to think Boston hack drivers, as a class, resent such requests. As a class they are kind and polite. I do not believe any readers of "Our Dumb Animals" more heartily endorse your suggestions in regard to not employing a team or a carriage whose horses show marks of abuse than Boston hack drivers. I have seen much of them and respect them. With sincere respect, yours,

W. B. O. PEABODY.

## QUAINT SAYINGS.

The quaint sayings of Abraham Lincoln would fill a volume, but among them all we remember none quainter than when the doctor told him one morning that he had the varioloid, and he replied, "Well, I'm thankful that I have something at last I can give to everybody."

During the Hayes administration we found the president one day a good deal harassed by callers, and gave him a hearty laugh with the above story.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A CITY OFFICIAL WITH A KIND HEART.

The following appeared in the Boston Daily Evening Transcript of April 13th:—

To the Editor of the Transcript: Yesterday—a very cold day—a Boston lady crossing our Public Garden discovered under some shrubbery a large nest of leaves, and in it a forlorn cat doubtless abandoned by starve by some Back Bay family moving to its country summer home, and with the cat one forlorn little kitten recently born, both mother and kitten almost starved. The kind lady, one of our M. S. P. C. A. members, and mother of a young lady who has won national fame in the musical world, is one of those who, sympathizing with the wrongs of dumb creatures, put their sympathy into acts. So, going without her own dinner, she first procured and brought a choice repast of chicken to the starving mother; then searched until she found our city fosterer, Mr. William Doogue, and told him that this poor, abandoned wail, with its helpless child, had taken refuge on the city grounds, and asked that the city should take charge of it.

Mr. Doogue heard her story, telephoned his men to provide a comfortable basket and bring both mother and child to his hospital, as he home, and assured her that both should be kindly cared for in the future.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## WE CHRISTIANS.

"Our Dumb Animals" for April is on the table. Would it were in every home and in every schoolroom!

We Christians should learn of the Buddhists the quality of mercy, mercy to everything that hath life.

We Christians enter the sanctuary in purple and fine linen, dead birds on our hats, to sing songs of praise, that never more can the bird throats warble. Will those hymns reach heaven's gate, when we have throttled heaven's own messengers of song?

Our heaven will have no birds to thrill our hearts with melody.

And now man seeks to invent a model by which the Creator may put into being a new animal: the resources of Deity are menage, and all-wise man comes to the rescue; he has eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and he knows that there is a demand for a nondescript—a horse without a tail and with the hide of a rhinoceros.

One can see fine specimens of this creature on our boulevards most any day. Clipping the hair in the early part of winter deprives the horse of its natural covering, and it is hoped that in time horses will have a smooth skin, no hair, no tail, and a head so set that the creature will be forced to browse on trees. Imagine the animals stalking through pastures where contented cows are cropping the sweet grass. It smells sweet, but alas! it reacheth not to the mouth of this thing. He wanders by the brook-side; the water looks cool and inviting; he wades in, but never a sip can he get. The summer insects find him here and he dies to a friendly cow that he may get the benefit of a switch of her tail.

The woods are becoming mute, and bright wings no longer flit among the green branches as in our childhood's days. No! they rest in quiet on gauzy hats, on mantles and gowns! What mockery to sing—

"Praise him all creatures here below."

AVIS EQUUS, in "Fitchburg Sentinel."

A correspondent says that the way to start a balky horse is to take up one of his fore feet and strike the shoe a few times with a stone. He claims to have started several horses in this way which had stubbornly resisted more violent efforts to make them move. He also says that he has never known this simple method to fail.



## MY CANARY BIRD.

A Baltimore lady asks me to say something for caged canary birds kept in the hot sun, neglected and suffering.

I believe that cruelty to a caged bird is a sin in the sight of God, and if those who do it, or permit it, are not somewhere held accountable, there is no such thing as justice.

I have a canary myself. I would not take a thousand dollars for him if I could not get another. I permit him to fly about our rooms several hours a day. I don't starve him on poor canary seed; I feed him what I think he would like if he could help himself—crumbs of coarse bread and flour bread, crackers, fruit, lettuce, chickweed; and he takes just what he likes and refuses what he doesn't like, and is tough and strong and happy as a bird can be. I have had him now going on three years. He plays with me, comes to my fingers, shoulders, head. I chase him, and he chases me, and sings little songs of triumph when I fail to catch him. I never leave him in the hot sun. I never hang him up in a hot room to suffer and wilt. I never put him in a cold room to shiver. If he was sad, I should be sad, and if he should sicken and die, I should shed more tears than I should over some of those who abuse little birds and other so-called dumb creatures. I make him very happy when he is caged by giving him a little mirror, which I so hang that the sun or lights shall not dazzle him. When I want him to stop singing I always give him the mirror, and he will stand and look at his pretty self hours together, and keep perfectly quiet.

He sings in the morning his happy song of thanksgiving, and just before sundown his evening hymn, and sometimes later I hear his soft, sweet notes, as though he were saying his little prayer to his Maker and mine.

As I believe in an omniscient God, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground, so I believe that I shall be held accountable for the happiness or unhappiness I may bring into this little bird-life that God has kindly given to make my life happier.—Geo. T. Angell.

## THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

We were told by a Confederate officer some years ago that the battle of Gettysburg, which was the turning point in our Civil War, was decided in favor of the Union by a balky mule. The Union troops and the Confederates were racing to reach a high point, the possession of which practically decided the battle; the Confederates were blocked by a balky mule, and the Union troops got the position and won the battle. What a debt of gratitude present and future generations owe and will owe to the mule!

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

The commodore in command of our American fleet off Fortress Monroe, when the battle took place between the Merrimac and the Monitor (we think it was Commodore Rogers), gave us, many years ago, a thrilling account of the battle of the day previous to the arrival of the Monitor, when the Cumberland and other vessels were sunk and driven ashore and it was made clearly manifest that the next day would decide that the rest of our ships could only escape by flight, and that Fortress Monroe, Baltimore, and Washington would lie at the mercy of this ironclad vessel. This was the condition of things when in the night a light was seen in the distance from some vessel approaching, and the little Monitor, built as an experiment, to be rejected by the government if unsuccessful, without orders and unexpected by any one, came slowly up the roads to save Fortress Monroe, Baltimore, Washington, and possibly the Union.

It may or may not have been Providential, but if not Providential was one of the most remarkable coincidences to be found in history.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The poem, "A Forsaken Favorite," in last "Our Dumb Animals" was written by Elizabeth Akers Allen, of New York City.

## VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

The most striking picture to our mind which we saw in all the picture galleries of Vienna was that of a donkey which had been captured by a scouting party and loaded with poultry and other provisions. They were trying to get the donkey over some planks laid across a ravine, on the other side of which they would be safe from the cavalry in sight and closely pursuing. Some were pulling and some were pushing, and the donkey, with his feet planted firmly, was doing his level best for his country to avoid crossing the planks and give aid to the enemy.

## FRIENDSHIP OF HORSES.

In the "Leiston, Maine, Journal" we find a touching story. One of a pair of horses belonging to the Portland horse railroad company was sold, whereupon his mate, a blind horse, refused to be comforted and so pined away that the General Manager went to the new owner of the other steed and asked for the loan of the animal for a visit to the stable. As soon as this horse was put in his old stall, the blind horse showed signs of great delight and at once began to recover his appetite and health. The owner of the other horse, seeing the love of the blind one for his friend, bought him, too, and now drives down town with a span.

[Wish all our horsemen were as humane. — Editor.]

## A SEAL'S INTELLIGENCE.

A few years ago some fishermen were following their vocation off a harbor on the Maine coast, when they observed a commotion on the surface, and soon made out a seal leaping from the water as it followed by some enemy.

It came near the boat, swimming around it several times, and then, making a leap, the men saw that it was being chased by a large fish.

One of the fishermen dropped his line, and, stepping into the bow, leaned over and held out his hands. To his amazement, the seal immediately dashed toward him, and, with his help, scrambled out of the water into the boat, just in time to escape the sharp weapon of a swordfish that darted by, its big eyes staring, probably in wonder at the method of escape, to its fishy intelligence being evidently a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire.

But the little seal apparently knew better, and it need not be said that its confidence was not misplaced, as the men were so pleased with its action in coming to them they kept it as a pet, and the seal became a familiar object about the shore.

The fishermen had a small house upon the beach, in which their boats and nets were stored, and here the seal made its home, sleeping on a pile of old nets, and during the day lying upon the sands, lazily rolling over in the enjoyment of perfect freedom.

When the men came down to the shore, the seal was there to greet them, frisking about and attempting to crawl into the boat. When not taken in, it would follow the boat out, swimming alongside, with its intelligent black eyes fixed upon them. If taken into the boat, it would lie on the forward deck and watch its protectors, occasionally eating a fish which they tossed over to it, or diving over after one which they threw away.

During the winter, the seal was moved up to the home of one of the fishermen, where it spent much of its time by the kitchen fire. — Chas. F. Holder, in Golden Days.

## LIGHTSHIP DICK.

It was twenty years ago that "Dick" first went aboard the lightship which lifts and dips over Brenton's Reef, the stormiest and roughest bit of water in Narragansett Bay, and as dangerous and destructive a vicinity as any part of the Atlantic coast. Twenty winters he has shared what the crew had to eat; been their gentle, affectionate, but never spoiled, pet; took his part of the weather and enjoyed it all. At just such a time every spring he leaves the ship, — where to go or what to do no one ever was able to learn. But he is as sure to come back as autumn itself, and to remain through the fiercest and dreariest time of the most desultory, monotonous, and isolated existence there is anywhere on earth. "Dick" is a sea gull. Probably there are few more remarkable things in the discovered traits and habits of birds than the uninterrupted regularity of this sea gull's visits to the Brenton's Reef lightship. — Boston Transcript.

## A SENSIBLE HUSBAND.

Father (furiously) — "Why did you elope with my daughter?"

New Son-in-law — "To avoid the insufferable fuss and nonsense of a society wedding."

Father (beamingly) — "Thank heaven, my daughter has got a sensible husband." — Yankee Blade.



THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

## THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

Europe was never so entirely and terribly armed. Woe to him who sets fire to Europe now. — Moltke.

Who was the bravest of the brave;

The bravest hero ever born?

'Twas one who dared a felon's grave,

Who dared to bear the scorn of scorn.

Nay, more than this—when sword was drawn

And vengeance waited but His word,

He looked with pitying eyes upon

The scene and said, "Put up thy sword!"

Could but one king be found to-day

As brave to do, as brave to say?

"Put up thy sword" into the sheath!

"Put up thy sword," "Put up thy sword!"

By Cedron's brook thus spake beneath

The olive trees our King and Lord,

Spake calm and kinglike. Sword and stave

And torch and stormy men of death

Made clamor. Yet He spoke not, save

With loving word and patient breath,

"Put up thy sword" into the sheath!

The peaceful olive boughs beneath.

Ye Christian kings, in Christ's dear name

I charge you live no more this lie.

"Put up thy sword!" The time they came

To bind and lead Him forth to die,

Behold this was His last command!

Yet ye dare cry to Christ in prayer,

With red and reeking sword in hand!

Ye dare do this, as devils dare!

Ye liars, liars, great and small,

Ye cowards, cowards, cowards all!

O God, but for one gallant czar,

One valiant king, one fearless queen!

Yea, there would be an end of war,

If but one could be heard or seen

To follow Christ; to bravely cry,

"Put up thy sword!" "Put up thy sword!"

And let us dare to live and die

As did command our King and Lord;

With sword commanded to its sheath,

The blessed olive boughs beneath.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## HORSE RACING.

(From Boston Herald, April 4th.)

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 3, 1892.—There is indignation here over the prospective reopening of the Monmouth Park race track, and mass meetings protesting against the making of books there will be held along the northern New Jersey coast. Petitions will be circulated for signatures, calling upon both the State and county authorities for a strict enforcement of the State laws against bookmaking, pool selling, and other forms of gambling practised at race tracks.

Rev. S. Edward Young, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church here, denounced race track gambling in his sermon to-night, saying that the book-makers ruined thousands of men every year, and that racing brought to Monmouth Park the moral slops of New York, Brooklyn, and adjacent cities.

"Our Dumb Animals" as an educator and influence to promote kindness, good will, and destroy selfishness is worth 100 times the subscription price.—Grand Rapids, Michigan, Morning Press.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to  
seize every opportunity to say a  
*kind word, or do a kind act that*will make some other human being  
or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 12441 Brockenstraw, N. Y.  
P., L. T. L. Band.  
P., Lida J. Allen.
- 12442 Clintonville, Wis.  
Bethlehem Band.  
P., Maud Harris.
- 12443 New Orleans, La.  
Orleans Band.  
P., Kate C. Rodd.
- 12444 Wilder, Minn.  
Wilder Band.  
Sec. H. H. King.
- 12445 Fort Ripley, Minn.  
Lafayette Band.  
P., Aureore Poissant.
- 12446 Clintonville, Wis.  
Columbia Band.  
P., Ethel Gibson.
- 12447 Silver Star Band.  
P., Etta Lockin.
- 12448 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Mary Malloy.
- 12449 I'll Try Band.  
P., Alice Rogers.
- 12450 Mankato, Kansas.  
Intermediate Band.  
P., Atta Woolsey.
- 12451 Second Primary Band.  
P., Nina La Bar.
- 12452 Jamaica Plain, Mass.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., John A. Lynch.
- 12453 Cambridge, Mass.  
Cushing School Band.  
P., Isadore I. Foster.
- 12454 St. Louis, Mo.  
Golden Chain Band.  
P., Mrs. V. Barker.
- 12455 Providence, R. I.  
Coville St. Band.  
P., Lena O'Keefe.
- 12456 Amherst St. Band.  
P., Miss M. L. Harding.
- 12457 Lowell, Mass.  
Lowell Band.  
P., Alice T. Owens.
- 12458 Owensboro, Ky. Pub. Schools.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., James McGinniss.
- 12459 Hyacinth Band.  
P., Miss Hughes.
- 12460 Rose Band.  
P., Mrs. Watkins.
- 12461 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Duncan.
- 12462 Tulip Band.  
P., Mrs. Hart.
- 12463 Violet Band.  
P., Mrs. Singleton.
- 12464 Verbena Band.  
P., Miss Brown.
- 12465 Daisy Band.  
P., Miss Jones.
- 12466 Mayflower Band.  
P., Miss Mayo.
- 12467 Buttercup Band.  
P., Miss Conway.
- 12468 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. B. Nall.
- 12469 I'll Try Band.  
P., Miss Thompson.
- 12470 Never Fail Band.  
P., Miss Vandling.
- 12471 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Miss Lucas.
- 12472 Hope Band.  
P., Miss Gates.
- 12473 Star Band.  
P., Miss Lumpkin.
- 12474 Sunshine Band.  
P., Miss Miller.
- 12475 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Miss Cosby.
- 12476 Rosebud Band.  
P., Miss Yager.
- 12477 Pink Band.  
P., Miss Crigler.
- 12478 Lilac Band.  
P., Miss Payne.
- 12479 Busy Bee Band.  
P., Miss Haney.
- 12480 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Miss Owen.
- 12481 Goldenrod Band.  
P., Miss Sampl.
- 12482 Geranium Band.  
P., Mrs. Sivers.
- 12483 Lincoln Band.  
P., George M. Plumer.
- 12484 Whittier Band.  
P., W. W. Kiser.
- 12485 Robin Band.  
P., Miss Hard.
- 12486 Canary Band.  
P., Miss Barnett.
- 12487 Redbird Band.  
P., Miss Withers.
- 12488 Bluebird Band.  
P., Miss Young.
- 12489 Longfellow Band.  
P., W. C. Warfield.
- 12490 Henry Clay Band.  
P., A. C. Wohlboh.
- 12491 Douglas Band.  
P., Lula Glass.
- 12492 Lovejoy Band.  
P., Mattie Western.
- 12493 Goodwin's Academy.  
Never Fail Band.  
P., A. C. Goodwin.
- 12494 Female College.  
Rose Band.  
P., W. H. Stuart.
- 12495 Magnolia Band.  
P., Miss Sargent.
- 12496 Lily Band.  
P., Miss Waller.
- 12497 Pansy Band.  
P., Miss Epler.
- 12498 Snowball Band.  
P., Miss Sampson.
- 12499 St. Frances Academy.  
Mayflower Band.  
P., Sister Guidonia.
- 12500 Lily Band.  
P., Sister Mary Aloysia.
- 12501 Rose Band.  
P., Sister Mary Henry.
- 12502 Tulip Band.  
P., Sister Mary Baptist.
- 12503 Goldenrod Band.  
P., Sister De Paul.
- 12504 I'll Try Band.  
P., Sister Letitia.
- 12505 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Sister Mary Stanislaus.
- 12506 Ursaline Sisters' School.  
Dove Band.  
P., Sister Dominica.
- 12507 Lark Band.  
P., Sister Ignatia.
- 12508 Private Schools.  
Rose Band.  
P., Mrs. M. F. Van Rensselaer.
- 12509 Lily Band.  
P., Miss Van Rensselaer.
- 12510 Violet Band.  
P., Miss Hart.
- 12511 Pansy Band.  
P., Miss Boyd.
- 12512 Kindergarten School.  
Busy Bee Band.  
P., Sue P. Harris.
- 12513 Wingina, Va.  
Rock Cliff Band.  
P., Ruth D. Horsley.
- 12514 Wiconisio, Pa.  
Keystone Band.  
P., Lizzie Gaffney.
- 12515 St. Paul, Minn.  
Snowflake Band.  
P., Sadie A. Evans.
- 12516 Providence, R. I.  
Elm St. Band No. 1.  
P., Miss A. E. Evans.
- 12517 Elm St. Band No. 2.  
P., Miss N. F. Webster.
- 12518 Elm St. Band No. 3.  
P., Mary Cobb.
- 12519 Elm St. Band No. 4.  
P., I. A. Truman.
- 12520 Elm St. Band No. 5.  
P., S. F. Pike.
- 12521 Elm St. Band No. 6.  
P., Esther A. Smith.
- 12522 Lynn, Mass.  
Riverside Band.  
P., Dean S. R. Harris.
- 12523 Henderson, Ky.  
Public Schools.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., E. S. Clark.
- 12524 Hyacinth Band.  
P., Ruth Priest.
- 12525 Magnolia Band.  
P., Anna Starling.
- 12526 Touch-me-not Band.  
P., Anna Mason.
- 12527 Anti Torturist Band.  
P., Miss Cabell.
- 12528 Good Samaritan Band.  
P., Mrs. Edwards.
- 12529 Minute Men Band.  
P., Miss Rives.
- 12530 Earnest Workers Band.  
P., Georgia Cooper.
- 12531 Gentle Hand Band.  
P., L. Woodbridge.
- 12532 Sunshine Band.  
P., Alvis Dixon.
- 12533 George Washington Band.  
P., L. Barrett.
- 12534 Thoughtful Band.  
P., Miss Lyne.
- 12535 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Miss Sassein.
- 12536 Heartsease Band.  
P., Miss Clay.
- 12537 I will Think of It Band.  
P., Miss Lockett.
- 12538 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Miss Withers.
- 12539 Goldenrod Band.  
P., Miss Labuy.
- 12540 I'll Try Band.  
P., Sallie Priest.
- 12541 Little Helpers Band.  
P., Nannie Priest.
- 12542 Little Rosebuds Band.  
P., Miss B. Gerbel.
- 12543 Never Fail Band.  
P., Miss Parker.
- 12544 Mayflower Band.  
P., Miss Smith.
- 12545 Helping Hand Band.  
P., John K. Mason.
- 12546 Lily Band.  
P., Carrie Oneal.
- 12547 Rose Band.  
P., Susan Boain.
- 12548 Tulip Band.  
P., Carrie Rickman.
- 12549 Violet Band.  
P., Estella Rickman.
- 12550 J. G. Whittier E. Band.  
P., J. M. Mundy.
- 12551 Pansy Band.  
P., Alice Sneed.
- 12552 Daisy Band.  
P., Annie Early.
- 12553 Pink Band.  
P., Blanche Rickman.
- 12554 Colored Normal Institute.  
Douglas Band.  
P., R. H. C. Mitchell.
- 12555 Sumner Band.  
P., Wm. H. Furgason.
- 12556 Lovejoy Band.  
P., Hattie Elm.
- 12557 St. Clement's Episcopal Sch'l.  
Wide Awake Band.  
P., Anna B. Gray.
- 12558 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Jennie A. Bibbs.
- 12559 Rochester, Wis.  
Water Lily Band.  
P., Clarice C. Noble.
- 12560 Roxbury, Mass.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Miss Mann.
- 12561 Marietta, Pa.  
Marietta Band.  
P., Venor Stauffer.
- 12562 Morristown, N. J.  
Margaret Lanier Band.  
P., Wm. F. R. Griffith.
- 12563 Mastodon, Mich.  
Mastodon Band.  
P., Mabel Trevena.
- 12564 Columbia, S. C.  
Sure Enough Band.  
P., J. Lowry Pickett.
- 12565 Marietta, Pa.  
Central Primary School Band.  
P., Fanny C. Grove.
- 12566 Greenville, Ohio.  
Owl Band.  
P., Ella C. Note.
- 12567 Jamaica Plain, Mass.  
Willing Workers Band.  
P., Michael Costello.
- 12568 Dorchester, Mass.  
Helping Hand Band.  
P., Arthur Means.
- 12569 Portland, Oregon.  
Mt. Tabor Villa Band.  
P., Mrs. Alice Parker.
- 12570 Bradford, Pa.  
Hopeful Band.  
P., Miss Maggie Dunn.
- 12571 Washington, Pa.  
Never Fail Band.  
P., Sadie M. Irwin.
- 12572 To 12614 Elkhardt, Ind.  
Public School Bands.  
P., Mrs. John White.
- 12614 Salon, Mich. I'll Try Band.  
P., Mrs. John White.
- 12615 Ireton, Iowa. Iowa Band.  
P., Gertrude Dayton.
- 12616 Dover, Delaware.  
Dover Band.  
P., Frances C. Knapp.
- 12617 Woburn, Mass.  
Plympton Black Beauty Band.  
P., Nellie F. Moore.
- 12618 Lancaster, Mass.  
Sparrow Band.  
P., Josephine White.
- 12619 Providence, R. I.  
Violet Band.  
P., Christine O'Keefe.
- 12620 Bridgeport, Conn.  
Daring Defender Band.  
P., Amelia Field.
- 12621 Chester, Vt.  
Belle Williams Band.  
P., Charlie Kimball.
- 12622 Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Company C Band.  
P., Marguerite D. Hawthorne.
- 12623 Southampton, L. I., N. Y.  
Independent Band.  
P., Ida Pettet.
- 12624 Pansy Band.  
P., Edna Topping.
- 12625 Bobolink Band.  
P., Miss S. A. Strong.
- 12626 Carlsbad, Cal.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Lizzie Brennansoltz.
- 12627 Providence, R. I.  
Harriet St. School Band.  
P., Anna F. Davenport.
- 12628 Putnam St. School Band No. 2.  
P., Miss M. C. Beckwith.
- 12629 Auburn, N. Y.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., J. Mary Pearson.
- 12630 Caledonia, Minn.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Miss Julia Sprague.
- 12631 Bellegrove, Pa.  
Price Band.  
P., James H. Light.
- 12632 Custer, Ill.  
Priceless Pearl Band.  
P., Berna Bittner.
- 12633 Providence, R. I.  
Putnam St. Band No. 1.  
P., Alice C. Earle.
- 12634 Friendship St. Band No. 1.  
P., Miss E. E. Joslin.
- 12635 Boston, Mass.  
Captain Fritz Band.  
P., Emily B. Osborn.
- 12636 Baltimore, Md.  
M. G. S. Band No. 4.  
P., Miss A. E. Thornton.
- 12637 Meriden, Conn.  
Chapin Band.  
P., Josephine Lockrow.
- 12638 Louisville, Ky.  
Be Kind Band.  
P., Amelia Vogtle.
- 12639 London Mills, Ill.  
Oriole Band.  
P., Miss Alice L. Shelby.
- 12640 Washington, Pa.  
Merciful Band.  
P., Willa J. Wise.
- 12641 Providence, R. I.  
Putnam St. Band No. 3.  
P., Miss Edna C. Greene.
- 12642 Harriet St. Band No. 2.  
P., Miss Ella S. Dawley.
- 12643 Friendship St. Band No. 2.  
P., Miss M. C. Wheeler.
- 12644 Friendship St. Band No. 3.  
P., Miss M. A. Halton.
- 12645 Chester, Pa.  
Whittier Band.  
P., Lois Armstrong.
- 12646 Red, White and Blue Band.  
P., Robert E. Quinby.
- 12647 Orange, Texas.  
Orange Band.  
P., Mrs. I. B. Grimaldi.
- 12648 Scottsboro, Ala.  
Cumberland Band.  
P., Elzina Bostick.
- 12649 Portland, Oregon.  
Pilgrim Band.  
P., Nannie Killingsworth.
- 12650 No. Adams, Mass.  
N. Adams Band.  
P., Rev. F. H. Rowley.
- 12651 Dresden, Ohio.  
Dresden Band.  
P., Miss Edith C. Lakin.
- 12652 Elizabeth, N. J.  
Orphan As'lm Promise Band.  
P., Georgia Clancy.
- 12653 Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Putawski Band.  
P., J. J. Rosinski.
- 12654 Pawtucket, R. I.  
Putnam St. Band No. 4.  
P., Miss A. W. Potter.
- 12655 Wickford, R. I.  
Wickford Band.  
P., Miss I. C. Barnes.
- 12656 Providence, R. I.  
Harris Ave. Band No. 4.  
P., Miss B. M. Blinkhorn.
- 12657 Bowling Green, Ky.  
Henry Bergh Band.  
P., W. B. Wylin.
- 12658 Rosebud Band.  
P., Miss Beard.
- 12659 Busy Bee Band.  
P., Miss Garrison.
- 12660 Daisy Band.  
P., Mrs. Alexander.
- 12661 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. Hilburn.
- 12662 Lily Band.  
P., Miss Calvert.
- 12663 Tulip Band.  
P., Miss Ragland.
- 12664 Rose Band.  
P., Lula Hughes.
- 12665 Mayflower Band.  
P., Ada Peart.
- 12666 I'll Try Band.  
P., Kittie Covington.
- 12667 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Mattie Hatcher.
- 12668 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Fannie Gray.
- 12669 Never Fail Band.  
P., Cora Anderson.
- 12670 Longfellow Band.  
P., Alice Barre.
- 12671 Whittier Band.  
P., Mary Dishman.
- 12672 Henry Clay Band.  
P., Lillian Lewis.
- 12673 Colored Schools.  
Geo. Washington Band.  
P., W. B. Ferguson.
- 12674 Lincoln Band.  
P., W. W. Wilson.
- 12675 Sumner Band.  
P., S. J. Austin.
- 12676 Douglas Band.  
P., Miss L. Loving.
- 12677 Lovejoy Band.  
P., Miss M. O. Harris.
- 12678 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Miss H. H. Briggs.
- 12679 Star Band.  
P., Miss A. E. Younger.
- 12680 Hope Band.  
P., Miss M. E. Woodson.
- 12681 Sunshine Band.  
P., Mr. W. C. Jackson.
- 12682 Ogden College.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., Wm. A. Obenchain.
- 12683 Goldsmith Band.  
P., Wm. F. Peary.
- 12684 G. T. Angell Band.  
P., John B. Preston.
- 12685 Audubon Band.  
P., James C. Lewis.
- 12686 Potter Female College.  
Magnolia Band.  
P., B. F. Cabell.
- 12687 Geranium Band.  
P., Miss Carpenter.
- 12688 Hydrangea Band.  
P., Miss Patterson.
- 12689 Touch-me-not Band.  
P., Miss Ray.
- 12690 Lilac Band.  
P., Daisy Soden.
- 12691 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Mrs. M. E. Shelburne.
- 12692 Morning Glory Band.  
P., Miss Mamie Helper.
- 12693 Buttercup Band.  
P., Prof. J. G. Claggett.
- 12694 Snowball Band.  
P., Prof. W. F. Kowenburgh.
- 12695 Hyacinth Band.  
P., Miss Thompson.
- 12696 Elizabethtown, Ky.  
Colored Schools.  
Rose Band.  
P., D. H. Gaddy.
- 12697 Tulip Band.  
P., Jennie L. Simmons.
- 12698 Catholic School.  
Violet Band.  
P., Sister Francisca.
- 12699 Sunshine Band.  
P., Sister Ophelia.
- 12700 Hope Band.  
P., Sister Arcadia.
- 12701 Public Schools.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., W. F. Fate.
- 12702 Yilling Workers Band.  
P., Lizzie Wells.
- 12703 Never Fail Band.  
P., Annie Hoskins.
- 12704 Golden Rule Band.  
P., Lizzie Sweets.
- 12705 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Lizzie M. Irwin.
- 12706 Pansy Band.  
P., Bertha Berkholder.
- 12707 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Shacklette.
- 12708 Hopkinsville, Ky.  
Public Schools.  
Excelsior Band.  
P., C. H. Dietrich.
- 12709 Rosebud Band.  
P., Mrs. E. McKensie.
- 12710 Busy Bee Band.  
P., Mrs. Rosa M. Bramham.
- 12711 Pansy Band.  
P., Miss Katie McDaniel.
- 12712 Tulip Band.  
P., Miss Inez Ellis.
- 12713 Daisy Band.  
P., Miss Lillie Price.
- 12714 Lily Band.  
P., Susie Rutherford.
- 12715 Rose Band.  
P., Mary Bell.
- 12716 Magnolia Band.  
P., Ruby Henry.
- 12717 Golden Rule Band.  
P., A. R. Wallis.
- 12718 Longfellow Band.  
P., H. A. Dietrich.
- 12719 Helping Hand Band.  
P., Julia S. Arnold.
- 12720 I'll Try Band.  
P., Lelia D. Mills.
- 12721 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Martha Young.
- 12722 Boys' High School.  
Henry Bergh Band.  
P., Major J. O. Ferrell.
- 12723 Colored Schools.  
Geo. Washington Band.  
P., A. H. Payne.
- 12724 Lincoln Band.  
P., Mrs. J. L. Poole.



- 12725 Sumner Band.  
P., Mrs. N. L. Payne.  
12726 Sunshine Band.  
P., Mrs. Rosa T. Morgan.  
12727 Star Band.  
P., Miss Anna L. Watt.  
12728 Hope Band.  
P., Carrie E. Cloudy.  
12729 So. Kentucky College.  
Spurgeon Band.  
P., A. C. Kuy Kendall.  
12730 Never Fail Band.  
P., C. H. Duncan.  
12731 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Miss Mary Green.  
12732 G. T. Angell Band.  
P., Emma Ryan.  
12733 Sunbeam Band.  
P., Mrs. M. V. Crabbs.  
12734 Little Helpers Band.  
P., Miss Ida Bates.  
12735 Hopkinsville, Ky.  
Bethel Female College.  
Lily Band.  
P., T. Simpson McCall.  
12736 Mayflower Band.  
P., Mrs. J. E. Stallsworth.  
12737 Buttercups Band.  
P., Miss L. B. Essex.  
12738 Geranium Band.  
P., E. E. Yancey.  
12739 Heliotrope Band.  
P., Mamie Van Wagness.  
12740 Lilac Band.  
P., Lillie C. Waller.  
12741 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Lizzie D. Warder.  
12742 Taberose Band.  
P., Miss Downer.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## FLORIDA WATER AND THE LIONS.

We had often heard that animals were very fond of perfumes. So Mamie and I saved our pennies and bought a bottle of Florida water, which we took with us to the Zoo. You just ought to have heard the racket in the Lion House. It was very near their dinner-time and they were all hungry. The old lion and his wife were prancing round their cage roaring with all their might. Their noise started the puma, and when he began he started the panthers. It was, I assure you, pandemonium let loose.

So Mamie poured half of the Florida water on a piece of raw cotton and threw it in the lion's cage. He stopped his noise, sniffed at it, rolled all over it, and acted just like a good-natured puppy dog. He rolled over and over with his four big strong legs in the air. He was perfectly happy and forgot that he was hungry. Then Mrs. Lion came up and had a roll, and he never once snarled at her as he so often does. They both were as nice and quiet as two pussy cats. Mamie and I didn't regret having spent our money on the perfume. LOTTIE CANFIELD.  
1522 North St., Philadelphia, Pa.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## HE KNEW OUR DINNER HORN.

By reading the article in your March issue, "*The Horses Knew the Tune*," I was reminded of a well-remembered fact that occurred in my boyhood days.

Being the oldest of the family of children, I was generally in charge of the team. Among the horses was an old animal, to which we were all very much attached, which knew the sound of our dinner horn from that of all others. No matter how many of the neighbors blew dinner horns, the animal paid no attention to them, but worked steadily on. As soon as our horn was blown he manifested great anxiety to stop, and would invariably whinny. If the team was going away from the team. At was difficult to continue; if going toward the barn, extra effort was necessary to restrain the animal.

This dear old horse reached nearly the age of thirty years, and became entirely useless and unable to masticate food, but was cared for until a number of the neighbors urged that he should be killed to relieve him of his helpless existence. A well-directed shot did the work; but never did I so much dread to part with a dumb animal, nor miss one so much.

The usefulness of that "old gray," and the kindness always shown him, is a bright spot in my memory; and I trust all your little friends will lay the foundation through kindness for the same pleasing recollections. JOHN A. CLARK.

Wadsworth, Ohio.

## THE BIRD OF THE CITIES.

The sparrow is a business bird. His note is like the click of a ticker and his favorite nesting place is naturally the board of trade building. It is said that he is pugnacious and drives the song birds away. There were not many bobolinks on State Street before he came, nor many nightingales rising from the litter of the pavements, nor many robins singing on the telegraph wires for rain. His garb is a plain business brown, serviceable, and warranted not to show dirt.

You can't write much of a poem about him, but still he is a bird, and the only one we have. He finishes off the metropoliticism of the city as no other bird could do—or would. He is entirely congruous. He gives you the impression that he can take care of himself—that he couldn't be bunked. The difference between him and the birds of the field is exactly that between the men and women who crowd the streets and those who live in the country places close to nature. Let him live!—*Chicago Herald*

## WHAT THE FARMER LOST.

We find in one of our exchanges this story: A farmer was taking a heavy load of hay into the village. At a hill the horses balked. He took two wisps of hay from his load, and putting one under each horse struck a match and set them on fire. The horses were just far enough to bring the fire under the load of hay, which took fire and burned up. The horses ran away, smashed the wagon, and injured themselves. So the farmer, by overloading, lost his hay, his wagon, and injured his horses, and may thank his lucky stars that he didn't live in Massachusetts, where he would have been fined, possibly \$250, or imprisoned in jail, or House of Correction, one year.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## A HORSE'S MEMORY.

An acquaintance of mine in Ireland owned a fine riding horse. She was married, and parted with the pet horse. Some years after, as she was walking through the streets of Paris, she heard a loud whinnying near her. A moment after a gentleman rode up to the sidewalk and said: "*Do you know this horse, madam?*" He was so excited when he saw you that I could do nothing with him; he must surely recognize you!" It was her pet horse that she had not seen for a number of years. He seemed delighted at sight of her, rubbed his head against her shoulder, and showed every sign of affection and recognition. Huntington, L. I. MARY STUART SYMONDS.

## INTELLIGENCE IN COWS.

The other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled by their pleading looks I bethought myself that they might be in want of water. No sooner had this idea occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which they took with great eagerness. The pair then sauntered contentedly away to a field near at hand. In about half an hour or so we were surprised and not a little amused by seeing our two friends marching up to the gate, accompanied by three other cows. The water-tap was again called into requisition, and the new-comers were in a like manner served liberally. Then with gratified and repeated "boo-oos"—a unanimous vote of thanks—our visitors slowly marched off to their pasture. It was quite clear to us that the first two callers, pleased with their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossip and dairy companions, and had informed them—how, I cannot say; can you?—of their liberal entertainment, and then had taken the pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our cottage.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## A BOY'S KINDNESS.

Some time since an interesting incident came to my notice in Liverpool, England. A street-car was coming toward me at rapid speed, and in the centre of the track stood as miserable a specimen of a kitten as I ever saw. At the same time a messenger boy came down the street, whistling merrily. His bright eyes lighted on the miserable kitten in her dangerous position; he ran to the track, took the kitten in his arms and carried her to the sidewalk, where he placed her gently on a door-step; then went on his way whistling cheerily. (How does this compare with the Docktail Cavalry?)

## SCRATCH A TOAD'S BACK.

Toads are a valuable acquisition to a greenhouse, for they are always ready and pleased to dispose of a bug or a beetle, and their sudden darts invariably bring down their prey. They can be easily tamed, and, when once they find out that no harm is meant them, their friendliness is extreme.

There are few things more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operation of a back-scratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him. But after two or three passes down his back his manner undergoes a marked change; his eyes close with an expression of infinite rapture, he plants his feet wider apart and his body swells out to nearly double its ordinary size, as if to obtain by these means more room for enjoyment. Thus he will remain until you make some sudden movement which startles him, or until he has had as much petting as he wants, when, with a puff of regretful delight, he will reduce himself to his usual dimensions and hop away, bent once more on the pleasures of the chase.

## BOSTON DAILY PAPERS.

The following appeared in Boston dailies of April 27th and 28th:—

## BACK BAY AND OTHER CATS.

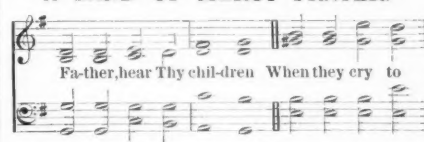
Editor of —:

Please permit me to ask your readers to kindly notify me of all cases which may come to their knowledge where families leaving the city have forgotten the family cat, so that I may be able to notify the owners and see that the cats are properly provided for.

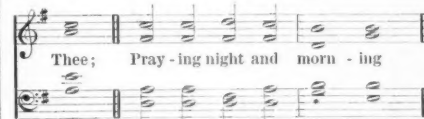
GEO. T. ANGELL.

19 Milk St., Boston, April 27, 1892.

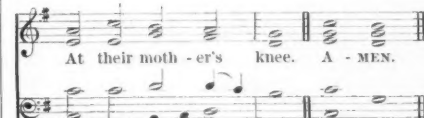
## A BAND OF MERCY PRAYER.



Fa-ther, hear Thy chil-dren When they cry to



Thee; Pray-ing night and morn-ing



At their moth-er's knee. A - MEN.

## THE CAREFUL SHEPHERD.

Father, hear Thy children  
When they cry to Thee;  
Praying night and morning  
At their mother's knee.  
Holy Spirit, filling  
Human hearts with love;  
Guide the little children  
To Thy home above.

Make them true and tender,  
Full of grace divine;  
Caring for the helpless,  
With a love like Thine.

Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Ever watch and keep,  
Like a careful shepherd,  
These Thy little sheep.

For the above beautiful "*Band of Mercy*" hymn of prayer we are indebted to Mrs. F. H. Suckling, of England, it being the closing exercise of the "*English Band of Mercy*" of which she is president.

## THE GATES OF THE WEST.

FROM THE ANGELUS.

I stood by the window one evening  
As the sun was sinking low,  
And the shadows a mantle were weaving  
To cover the earth below,  
And the crimson gates of the west  
Were flooded with amber and gold—  
A gleam of the home of the blest,  
Whose glories to us are untold.  
And I wondered if the bright angels,  
When they bore our loved ones away  
To the beautiful home o'er the river,  
Where life is an endless day,  
Passed through those clouds bright and golden  
As they went to the land of the blest—  
If Heaven lies just over yonder,  
Near the golden gates of the west.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## AN OLD DUTCH STORY.

Apologies of the story of throwing the man across the river in last issue of "*Our Dumb Animals*," a gentleman of my acquaintance, who was brought up in Catskill region, told me there used to be an old Dutch story, in his boyhood, of a Dutchman who bet another man that he could swallow him. The other, thinking him intoxicated, took the bet. Whereupon the Dutchman told the other to lie down on the table and he would proceed to do it. The man lay down as directed. The Dutchman bent over and took a good bite at the subject's big toe. "What are you about?" exclaimed the victim, angrily. "Oh," replied the Dutchman, "I didn't say I could swallow you whole; I'm going to do it piecemeal."

I wish you good luck with the docktailers' big toes.

## ANGELS WITH CUDS OF TOBACCO.

The Rev. Mr. H—— was a good man, but very fond of chewing tobacco.

One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and going to a cabin near by, knocked at the door. A sharp-looking old lady answered his summons. He asked for shelter.

"I don't know you," she replied, suspiciously. "Remember the Scriptures," said the dominie, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

"Angels don't come round with cuds of tobacco in their mouths," she replied, and slammed the door in his face.

**Officers of the American Humane Education Society, 1892-93.**
*President:*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

*Vice-Presidents:*

His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts.  
 Most Rev. John J. Williams, Boston.  
 Appleton, Mrs. William, Boston.  
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Publications sold, \$324.70.

Total, \$1486.86.

### "American Humane Education Society," and "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

President's Annual Report, March, 1892.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was incorporated March, 1868. Its object was to protect the dumb animals of Massachusetts from cruelty in the present, and to humanely educate the coming generations to protect them in the future. It was first authorized to hold property to the amount of \$100,000, which in 1889 was increased to \$500,000.

Its monthly paper (the first of its kind in the world) and its other humane publications came to be circulated and read widely over our own, and, to some extent, foreign countries, and its work became national and international.

In 1889 it seemed to me the time had come to organize a *Continental Society* for the special purpose of forming "*Humane Societies*" and "*Bands of Mercy*," and carrying humane education all over this continent, and, so far as circumstances should permit, over the world; and in March, 1889, I obtained from our Legislature an act of incorporation for "*The American Humane Education Society*," under which it is authorized to hold real and personal property to the amount of another \$500,000.

Most of its directors are also directors of the "Massachusetts Society," with this difference, that in this Society they are fewer in number and hold office during life, unless removed for cause. When one dies the others elect a new member to fill his place, and its constitution contains other provisions to prevent the Society ever falling into the hands of persons who have little or no interest in our humane work.

Its treasurer is different, though the trustees of its permanent fund are the same as those of the "Massachusetts Society."

It is largely aided by the "Massachusetts Society," but as its work is national and continental, and its money largely expended outside the State, it very properly asks contributions from all American people, and has received already considerable sums from friends in other States.

But as the two Societies are so closely connected, occupying the same offices, having the same president, secretary, trustees of permanent fund, and, to some extent, the same directors, I think it proper, instead of making two annual reports, to give the work of both in one.

#### THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The "Massachusetts Society" has, during the year, through its paid agents, and to some extent through its nearly five hundred unpaid agents, dealt with 4840 complaints of cruelty, taken 1101 horses from work, and humanely killed 1215 horses and other animals.

Since its organization it has dealt with 74,797 complaints of cruelty, and obtained 3,745 convictions in our courts.

It has, during the past year, printed nearly half a million copies of its monthly paper "*Our Dumb Animals*," and hundreds of thousands of copies of its many other humane publications.

As President of "The Massachusetts Society" I have supplied, during the year, our nearly five hundred country agents, the Boston police, the Boston Coachmen's Benevolent Association, the Massachusetts Legislature, and all the editors, clergy, lawyers, doctors, and school superintendents of the State, with "Our Dumb Animals," also many libraries, reading rooms, an immense free list of authors, teachers, and others, and some thousands of "Bands of Mercy."

I have printed and sent out a very large number of placards for the protection of birds and other purposes, and during a part of the year have employed a good speaker to deliver addresses in various towns.

Increased donations to the Society have enabled me to largely increase its effectiveness by an addition to our prosecuting force and by securing the valuable services of Hon. Henry B. Hill as Vice-President, to take charge of our prosecuting department and aid me in other departments.

#### AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

As President of "The American Humane Education Society," I have employed one missionary constantly, and others occasionally, to form "Humane Societies" and "Bands of Mercy" in Western and Southern States, and have succeeded in causing the formation of various "Humane Societies" and two thousand four hundred and sixty-four new "Bands of Mercy," making a total of twelve thousand and eighty-three Bands in every State and Territory except Alaska, and numbering between half a million and a million members. All Bands receive a full outfit of humane publications, and "Our Dumb Animals" for one year.

In behalf of the same Society I have sent "Our Dumb Animals" monthly to about ten thousand American editors, including in this distribution every second month the editors of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and have distributed an immense quantity of humane literature in most parts of our own country, and to some extent in other countries in North and South America, Europe, Asia, Australia, and New Zealand.

I have reason to believe, from letters and marked copies of papers received, that no paper in this country or in the world is read by a larger number of editors and their families than "Our Dumb Animals."

Its wide distribution brings me sometimes more than a hundred exchanges in one day's mail, and my correspondence has so grown as to bring me sometimes more than two hundred letters in a single day.

In behalf of the "American Humane Education Society" I have also offered a variety of prizes for the best equestrian drama of "Black Beauty,"—the best essays on both sides of the vivisection question—and the best three stories of not less than a hundred "Black Beauty" pages, illustrating the kind and cruel treatment of animals in our Northern, Western, and Southern States and Territories.

In behalf of the "American Humane Education Society" I have printed nearly three hundred thousand copies of "Black Beauty" during the year in English editions, making a total printed by us of over 600,000, and causing, by our success, other American publishers to print probably not less than 400,000 more, making a probable total of a million copies printed in the last two years; probably by far the largest circulation any book in the world ever obtained in similar time from publication.

I have also had it translated and printed in German and Italian; caused its translation into Swedish, Dutch, and Volapuk; and am now having it translated into French and Spanish, and aiding its translation into Arabic, Hindostani, and Telugu. I have during the year edited "Our Dumb Animals," written many articles for the press, had four hearings before committees of our Legislature, and attended to an immense correspondence. The magnitude of our work can be imagined when it is known that our "American Humane Education Society" has printed during the year about one hundred and

nine millions and two hundred and eighty thousand pages of humane literature, and our "Massachusetts Society" about seven millions, making a total of about one hundred and sixteen millions and two hundred and eighty thousand pages of humane literature printed by our two Societies during the past year.

To all who have aided in carrying out this great work of our "American Humane Education Society," and to all who have generously contributed money or time to our "Massachusetts Society," and more especially to the Divine Providence which inspires and directs, are gratitude and thanksgiving due.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy.

FROM REPORT OF CHARLES A. CURRIER, CHIEF PROSECUTING AGENT OF MASS. SOCIETY P. C. TO A., OF COMPLAINTS INVESTIGATED FROM MARCH 1, 1891, TO MARCH 1, 1892.

	By Office Agents.	By Country Agents.	Total.		By Office Agents.	By Country Agents.	Total.
For Beating,	371	151	522	Remedied with-			
Overworking,	194	104	298	out prosecu-			
Overdriving,	65	95	160	tion, - - -	972	1705	2677
Driving when				Warned, - -	1133	-	1133
lame or				Not substanti-			
galled, - -	623	440	1063	ated, - - -	455	109	564
Non-feeding				Not found, -	145	-	145
and non-				Anonymous, -	99	-	99
sheltering,	505	354	859	Prosecuted, -	114	108	222
Abandoning,	33	47	80				
Torturing,	161	39	200	Total,	2918	1922	4840
Driving when							
diseased, -	157	102	259	Convicted, -	93	83	176
Cruelly trans-				Acquitted, -	18	24	42
porting, - -	27	48	75	Pending trial, -	3	1	4
General cru-							
elty, - - -	782	542	1324	Animals taken			
Total,	2918	1922	4840	en from			
				work, - - -	464	637	1101
				Animals killed,	600	615	1215

Total number of cases investigated by Society agents from April, 1888, to March, 1892, 74,797; tried and convicted in court, 3,745.

The following are a few specimen cases prosecuted during the past year:—

1. For beating a horse so severely as to necessitate his being killed, his driver was fined \$25.
2. For clubbing a horse attached to a horse carriage, after arrival at a fire, the driver paid a penalty of \$17.88.
3. For beating a horse with a piece of rubber hose an offender paid a fine of \$10 and costs.
4. For kicking their horses three drivers paid fines of \$10, \$15, and \$25.
5. For severely punching a horse in the ribs with a pointed stick a brick team driver paid fine of \$30.
6. For clubbing his horse till he fell, then slashing his throat with the blade of a pocket knife, causing him to bleed to death, his driver (stupidly drunk when arrested) was sent to House of Correction for nine months.
7. For twitching off a portion of the tongue of his horse another paid fine of \$50.
8. For non-feeding and non-sheltering horses, divers persons paid fines varying from \$5 to \$30.
9. For driving lame, galled, and sore-backed horses, others paid penalties varying from \$10 to \$100.
10. For cruelly transporting a pig, a farmer paid a fine of \$10.
11. For transporting calves piled one on the other, their legs being tied, a butcher was fined \$20.
12. A poultry dealer, who crowded to death, in a wagon coop, a number of live ducks, paid a fine of \$10.
13. For beating an ox, a farmer paid a like penalty. A second, who beat a sick cow, was fined \$35. A third, who cruelly clubbed a cow over the head, was fined \$50.
14. For non-feeding his pigs, a farmer paid fine of \$20.
15. A second, who starved a cow to death, was fined \$50, and in default was sent to House of Correction. For dragging a heifer behind a wagon, a third paid fine of \$20. For "ham-stringing" a sheep (to prevent jumping), a fourth was fined \$10.
16. For offensive cruelty to a calf, a fifth was sent to House of Correction for six months.
17. A drover, who permitted a sick cow to be driven till she fell exhausted, was fined \$15.
18. For thrusting an iron pike into the eye of a steer he was slaughtering, a butcher was fined \$15.
19. Two persons who hunted a stray heifer with a vicious bull-dog, together with the owner, who authorized it to be done, were each fined \$10.
20. For leading a horse two miles after it had lost a hoof, a jockey was fined \$20.
21. For shooting a robin, the offender was convicted, and case placed on file upon payment of costs.

18. For starving his dog, his owner paid fine of \$20. For inciting dogs to fight in the street, six persons paid fines varying from \$10 to \$20.

Three young men who, on Sunday, stole and fought a dog in the woods, were fined \$25 each.

For beating their dogs, two owners paid fines of \$10 each. For maiming a dog by shooting (with a Flobert rifle), a young lady (??) was fined \$10.

For catching a dog with a fish-hook, for cruelly killing another, and for scalding a third, three offenders paid fines of \$10 each.

For throwing sulphuric acid on two dogs engaged in fighting, destroying the eyes of one, and burning both so severely as to necessitate their being killed, a store-keeper was fined \$20.

For cruelly fighting a rooster, an old and ofttime offender was fined \$30. Also, on complaint of the police, for "promoting" and "for being present" at a cock-fight, was fined \$50 for the first, and \$5 for the second offence. As a final outcome of the affair, a number of captured fowls were declared forfeited and killed.

20. A cab-driver, too drunk to safely handle his horse, was arrested, and fined \$5.

21. For abandoning their horses, two offenders paid fines of \$10 and \$25 each. A third was sent to jail for nine months.

22. For thrusting the tines of a pitchfork through the paw of a cat, pinning her to the barn floor, a farmer was fined \$15.

23. For over-driving horses (in one case causing death), divers persons paid fines varying from \$10 to \$50.

24. For poisoning (to death) with paris green, a horse driven by a rival in trade, a pedler was sent to State Prison for three years.

#### PRICES OF HUMANE PUBLICATIONS.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

- Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed.
- Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo. T. Angell, . . . 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100
- Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell.
- Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for \$10 cents; one hundred, 25 cents.
- Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell, . . . \$ .25 per 100
- Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by George T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or 2.00 "
- Care of Horses, . . . . . 45 "
- Cattle Transportation, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
- Protection of Animals, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "
- Five Questions Answered, by Geo. T. Angell, . . . . . 50 "
- The Check-Rein, by Geo. T. Angell, . . . 60 "
- The Cruel Over-check Card (two sides), .15 "
- How to Kill Animals Humanely, by Dr. D. D. Slade, . . . . . 1.00 "
- Service of Mercy, selections from Scripture, etc., . . . . . 65 "
- Band of Mercy Information, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "
- Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns, book form, two cents for the whole, or 2.00 "
- Band of Mercy Metal Badges, 8 cents each.
- Band of Mercy Ribbon Badges, 4 cents each.
- Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents.
- Band of Mercy Cards of Membership, 2 cents each.

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to every one asking.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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Corner Hawley Street, Boston.



